

The TATLER

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London, June 8, 1932

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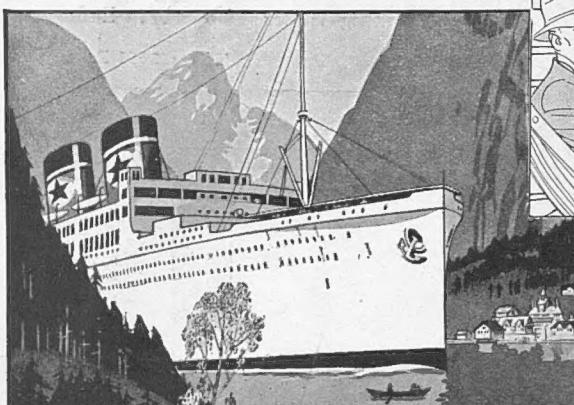


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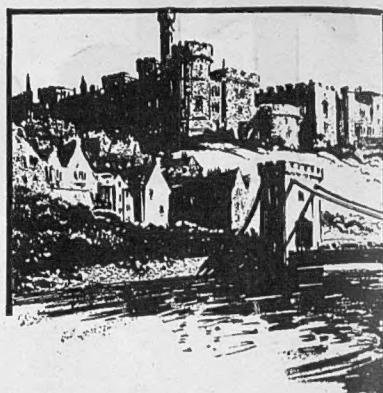
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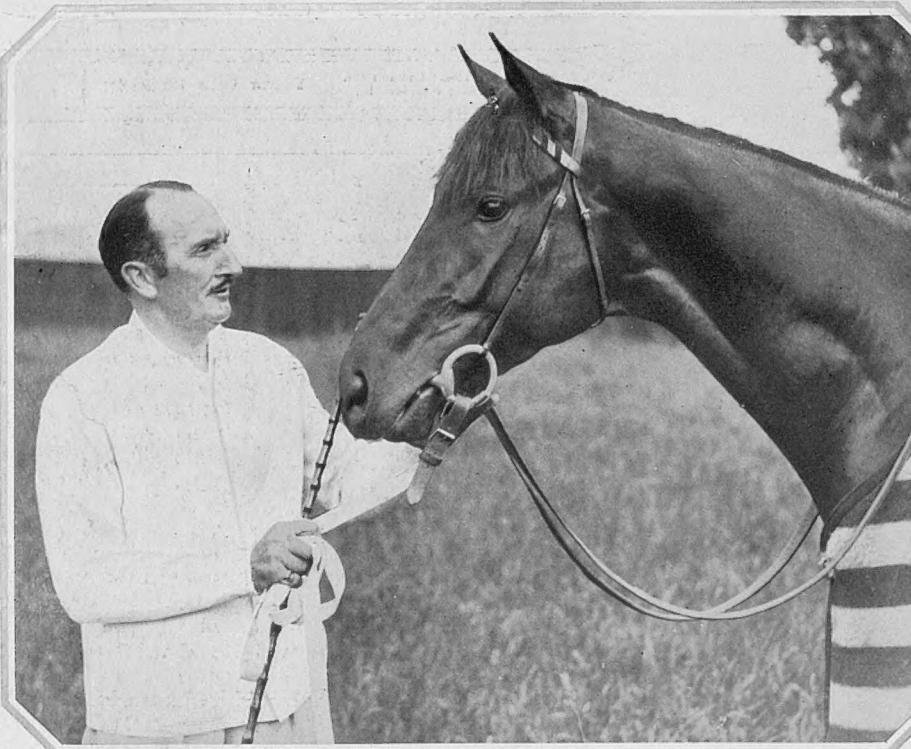
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MRS. ARUNDEL KEMPTON, "MICK THE MILLER," AND TWO OF HIS
DISTINGUISHED FAMILY

Mrs. Arundel Kempton is giving these two puppies by "Mick the Miller" to be competed for in sweepstakes for the South London Hospital and the Royal Veterinary College, and as they have such a distinguished sire and the dam is "Toftwood Misery" they ought to bring in a lot of money. "Mick the Miller" is the most famous racing greyhound in the world. The picture was taken at the Toftwood Kennels, Dereham, Norfolk

THE LETTERS OF EVE



"TONS OF MONEY"—WE ALL HOPE—FOR MR. TOM WALLS

One of the first pictures of the owner of the winner of the Derby, April the Fifth, after the horse had walked back to Mr. Tom Walls' training quarters at The Grange, Ewell. It was a great contest between three good colts, separated as they were by less than a length. Dastur, the runner-up, was the smallest of the three, 15.3*1*₂, April the Fifth being 16.1*1*₂, and Miracle 16.3*1*₂, and so it is not possible to be too dogmatic about the small horse for Epsom. The victory was tremendously popular in spite of all the Orwell money going down

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—Except for the result and the slight haze, we could hardly have wished for a more perfect Derby Day than we had last Wednesday. It was sunny, it was warm without being too warm, there was a refreshing breeze, there were vast crowds, and there was, perhaps, a greater thrill than we have had for years.

* * *

I have never seen more people in the paddock than there were before the race. All the racing regulars and everybody else besides. But even Miss Amelia Earhart, hatless and boyish looking, faded into insignificance when Orwell made his entry. Poor Orwell, his great moment was before the race. Sheeteted to the ears and surrounded by policemen and guards, he might have been Chicago's most famous gangster. He looked wonderfully well when he was at last revealed to our admiring eyes in the parade, but I can't help wondering whether all the fuss and all that wrapping up in mackintosh might not have affected his chance.

Besides all the thousands who backed him, or drew him in the sweeps, three

people were specially disappointed by his failure. One was Mr. Washington Singer, who went for a drive while the Derby was being run, for the wireless broad-cast of the race would have been too exciting for him; the second

was Mrs. Washington Singer, keyed up to the highest pitch of hope, yet prepared to shed a few tears if he was beaten, and the third was Princess Elizabeth, who drew him in the King's private sweep.

* * *

But enough about poor Orwell. Let me return to the paddock before the race was run. It was not too easy to get there, and on my way I passed Lady Alexandra Metcalfe battling with the crowd, and Lord Leigh expressing surprise and resignation as he found his hand being warmly shaken by a painted clown, and having arrived there it was not too easy to see either horses or people; for, in spite of the depression, it seemed to me that there were more people at the Derby this year than ever before both in the stands and on the heath.



AT THE DERBY: MISS AMELIA EARHART (MRS. G. P. PUTNAM) AND LORD ASTOR

Of the many celebrities at Epsom no one attracted greater interest than the intrepid lady whose lone flight of the Atlantic dazzled the whole world. The Derby is not Lord Astor's lucky race, as he has never won it, though the sister race, the Oaks, has gone his way four times so far!

AT THE FACULTY OF ARTS DINNER: SIR ARTHUR CROSFIELD AND LADY RENNELL RODD
Arthur Owen

This dinner took place at Grosvenor House last week. Sir Arthur Crosfield is the ex-Chairman of the National Playing Fields Association, and his and Lady Crosfield's tennis gatherings of all the leading stars of the day at their charming house at Highgate are events of the season. Lady Rennell Rodd is the wife of the famous diplomat, whose distinguished career as a British Ambassador is of world-wide knowledge

I ntent as I was, however, in trying to see the horses, I did notice just a few among the humans. Lord Rosebery, for instance, whose great faith in Miracle was so nearly justified, and Lady Rosebery looking as smart and attractive as she always does. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the famous black cape, with a parson friend. Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Harry Preston, decorated with a buttonhole of cornflowers. And Lord Beatty with Lady Beatty, and the big party he had brought over from Reigate Priory.

That seems to be a pretty well-chosen and varied little collection, but I should like to mention just a few more. How can I leave out Lord Lonsdale, whose success with Nun's Veil must have compensated him a little for the unkind action of the stewards in exchanging that well-placed private box of his for such an inferior one? Though as the exchange was probably made with his full consent and approval, it is hardly likely that he needed any consolation.

* * *

Then there was Lord Derby with Lady Stanley and her sisters. Lady Blandford, who has not been at all well, was looking very much better. Her trip abroad has evidently done her a lot of good. And lastly, there was the Aga Khan, whose vast expanse of white waistcoat made quite a landmark in the paddock. His heart must have been beating fast under it a little later on when, for a few moments, it looked as if the race lay between one or other of his two horses. However, neither he nor any of the other owners, who had reasonable hopes of winning, could really grudge Mr. Tom Walls this added proof of his great versatility. I should love to know just how he felt when he led in April the Fifth. But he probably hardly knows himself.

* * *

After all the emotions of the Derby it was good to have a hot bath and a short rest before going on to that wonderful party of Lady Ellesmere's at Bridgewater House, now one of the two remaining relics of the houses of the great, though relic is hardly a very good word for this very beautiful house and its gallery of priceless pictures. The honour of entertaining the Queen on Derby night—while the King entertains the members of the Jockey Club—used always to be the privilege of Lady Derby. But since the death of her only daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, she has led a very quiet life.

This year's hostess must have felt very proud and very pleased about this party, for the present generation has seen nothing like it except in *Cavalcade*. All the glory and dignity of the past seemed to have been revived just for a few hours. There was no dancing, there were no débutantes, there were few young men. Women blazing with jewels, and men in brilliant uniforms, moved and talked in the spacious rooms, while a band revived more memories of the old days by playing long-forgotten tunes. It was a revelation to see that so many tiaras and jewels had survived.

In the spacious rooms, while a band revived more memories of the old days by playing long-forgotten tunes. It was a revelation to see that so many tiaras and jewels had survived.



SISTER AGNES (MISS KEYSER AT THE GATES OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GROUNDS)

Sister Agnes is the only lady other than Royalty who has a private key to Buckingham Palace grounds. There can be no officer wearing the King's uniform who does not know this gracious lady, who is the very spirit of King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers in Grosvenor Crescent, which she has carried on with unrivalled enthusiasm since the South African War. She has earned the deep and undying gratitude of the fighting services



"HEAVE!" SIR CECIL NEUMANN v. A WINNING TEAM OF HIS CHILDREN

The people on the other end of the rope are John, Lynette, Gerard the heir, and Annabel the eldest daughter, and this very happy picture was taken at Sir Cecil and Lady Neumann's new home, Sun House, Royston, Herts. Lady Neumann is the eldest daughter of the late Canon the Hon. Robert Grimston, who was a son of the 2nd Earl of Verulam

The Queen looked very beautiful in a dress of pale cyclamen with a crown of pearls and diamonds, and Lady Ellesmere's wonderful jewels were set off magnificently by the green dress she was wearing. It would be impossible to describe even a tenth of the people there. The biggest tiara was worn by the Duchess of Westminster, who had many of her stones reset to make that huge halo of diamonds. Princess Alice and Lady Patricia Ramsay both looked charming, so did Lady Carisbrooke, who seemed to be covered with jewels. The Duchesses of Sutherland and Roxburgh both wore their large and well-known tiaras, and Lady Mildred Fitzgerald had a lovely emerald and diamond crown. And the men in knee breeches and wearing all their orders put up a very brave show against such competition.

* * *

Everybody was very busy entertaining and being entertained last week. Lady Hennessy started off on Monday by giving a dance for her youngest girl, Kathleen, who was presented last month. And on Tuesday we had Lady Milbanke's very successful Derby Ball at Grosvenor House

(Continued overleaf)

c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—cont.

at which both the Prince and Prince George were present. One of the Prince's first dancing partners was Miss Earhart. The Duchess of Sutherland gave a big dinner party for this, and her guests included the Duchess of Westminster, in grey frilled tulle, Mr. Colin Davidson, Lady Dalkeith, and Lord and Lady Kimberley.

* * *

Everyone in the world seemed to be crowded into the supper room at Grosvenor House. Mrs. Euan Wallace, who looked lovely in blue-and-white-spotted organdie; Lady Mary Erskine, alert and charming in a very becoming white satin frock; Mrs. Peter Thursby in pale blue, and Captain Ali Mackintosh, who came with Countess Paul Munster, were among those I specially noticed. Countess Paul, in spite of her great height, always manages to look like an appealing little girl.

The loveliest person at this party was Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, who was dressed in flowered organdie. I hear that her younger sister, still at school abroad, prefers not to hear too much about her great success as a débâtaute, though, from what I gather, she will make just as big a stir when her own time comes. One of the most amusing people at the party was Mr. Nigel Seely, whose skill at Yo Yo kept his friends in mild hysterics all the evening. There were plenty of young men about, and Captain Tommy McDougall, Mr. Ivor Guest, and Sir Hugh Seely were well to the fore.

* * * *

The *Show Boat* party was a rival attraction the same night. Thousands of people collected round Westminster Pier to watch men and women "in immaculate evening dress" descending the steps and queuing up for the taxi motor-boats which took them to the much-discussed *Show Boat* lying a few hundred yards up the Thames. Or was it down? I never know. The approach was fairylike, the embarkation a bit disconcerting. About 250 people arrived to find preparations for not more than half that number.

* * * *

On Thursday night in this very busy week Mrs. Charles Cartwright gave one of her delightful dances at her beautiful house in Curzon Street, varied by an amusing turn. The bevy of deb's and ex-debs, who are so much in the public eye were conspicuous by their presence, and among others I noticed Lord and Lady Fermoy, Sir George and Lady Dashwood, Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Mr. and Mrs. John Fane, altogether a delightful evening, with everything as perfectly "done" as usual.

* * * *

Iwent to an amusing cocktail party the other day which deserves a word or two. It was in special honour of Anny Ahlers and it was given by Miss Mala Brand. Among those present were Violet Duchess of Rutland, Lord and Lady Mil-



MRS. G. F. BOLES AND HER ONLY SON JEREMY

ford Haven, and Lady Alington.

Lady Furness' twin sister, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, was also there. She sailed for America a few days later as her small daughter has to have a trifling operation. But she only means to stay there for a fortnight, so London will soon see her again. Another guest was Sir Jimmy Dunn, who sailed for America next day and seemed to be inviting half the party to sail with him.

* * *

Mrs. G. F. Boles, whose maiden name was Miss Blanche Parlby, is the wife of Mr. G. F. Boles, the only son and heir of Sir Denis Boles, Bart., M.F.H., of Watts House, Bishop's Lydeard. Sir Denis was at one time Master of three packs—staghounds, harriers, and foxhounds. Mr. Gerald Boles is in the 17/21st Lancers (reserve) as was Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Boles, the great polo celebrity who now commands the Blues

come back from Munich, where she had been staying for about ten days with her daughter, Lady Caroline Paget. They had been looking for a pension for the second girl who is going out there very soon to learn German.

Our most artistic Duchess is going to have an exhibition of the drawing she has done of *The Miracle* and the people in it. She did a lot in New York when it was produced there, and these are to be shown too.

* * * *

Two exhibitions which have been drawing crowds are Mr. Edward Burra's at the Leicester Galleries, and Lady Queensberry's at Tooth's. I have already written to you about Mr. Burra, who is twenty-seven, practically self-taught, and amazingly forceful and original. So much so that the great ones are very much interested and intrigued. Quite a number of his paintings have been snapped up already, and that is saying a good deal in such times as these.

Lady Queensberry takes her painting very seriously. She works for four hours every morning and allows nothing to distract her. And is most inspired when she sits on the floor! The picture of her small daughter Jane, a sturdy and determined little person, with a straight fringe and thick fair hair, is a particularly happy effort. And other things that I specially liked were the portrait of Lady Eleanor Smith, two flower pictures, and an enchanting road bordered with trees.

* * * *

As a lover of beauty I must register a formal protest against the epidemic of small straw sailor hats that have made a sudden and dreadful appearance on some of the prettiest heads in London. Lunching at a well-known restaurant the other day I counted no fewer than six of them, and not even Lady Buchanan-Jardine, Miss Diana Coventry, or Lady Queensberry managed to look their best in this uncompromising form of head-gear! They resemble nothing so much as those stern straw boaters our mothers wore at Cowes in the 1890's. The sooner they fade away into oblivion the better!—Yours ever, EVE.



LORD AND LADY RICHARD CAVENDISH
AT THE DERBY

Two of the thousands of people who saw one of the most heavily-backed favourites of recent years badly beaten in last Wednesday's great race. Orwell had said his piece very shortly after turning into the straight. Lord Richard Cavendish is the Duke of Devonshire's only surviving brother, Lord John Cavendish, the younger brother, having been killed in action in 1915

PERSONA



LADY WRIGHT AT

Top right—WINNER AND CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS EN

Lady Wright is produced by England in the show jumping class. Lady Wright (Sir Robert) as Miss Bullows. In the Women's Open no less than the Al vindication of British unaccountable land. Wilson (holder) defeated 7 and 6, and has now dual champions Leitch and Miss Joy who will appear on back from Hollywood the blood-curdler, "picture



THE GREAT "M" FILM: THE GREEN POLICE ROUND UP ONE OF THE CROOKS (HERTHA WALTHER)

The "M" film, all about Germany's underworld, and most exciting, inaugurates a season of outstanding International films. "M" produced by Fritz Lang, of "Metropolis" fame, is considered by German critics to be the greatest talking picture yet made, and is creating a sensation all over Europe. "Lenz" has quite a lot to say about it in these notes.

Continental films at the Cambridge Theatre. The decision to hold this season evidently results from the success of the little Academy Theatre, which has given us so many unusual films during the last few months, and which caters for a small public, intellectual and social—the sort of public which will go to see some outstanding production more than once during an extended run. Whether there are enough people, interested in films of the more unusual and imaginative type, to fill a very much larger theatre for several weeks remains to be seen.

It also remains to be seen whether you, whom I take to be members of the small fastidious public, will like the Fritz Lang picture. I am one of Lang's most fervent admirers, and I approach anything of his with a mind ready and eager to appreciate, but I must confess that after seeing *M* I was a little disappointed. Yet it is language rather than Lang which is responsible for many of the faults and weaknesses which may spoil your enjoyment of *M*. So it is not altogether fair to judge Lang on the English version, or let it strengthen your impression that he is not yet as great a master of the sound film as he was of the silent. For much of the force and significance of the film are lost by "dubbing" and dialogue. "Dubbing," in case you may not know it, is the technical expression used when an actor, apparently speaking, is only moving his lips while some unseen person produces the voice. It can be so well done that it is barely noticeable to the eye, though one feels the actor's obviously concentrating on his mouthing rather than on what he is saying. But here, I regret to say, it is not even very well done. Unity between lips, words, and actor is completely lacking in at least half a dozen of the principal parts. The best dialogue would suffer badly from such treatment. And the dialogue in *M*, suggestive as it is of too literal translation from the German with rather common slang thrown in for atmosphere, is too weak and stilted to carry any additional handicap.

And now, having warned you of its faults, let me turn to the qualities of this film, which was inspired by the Düsseldorf murders. For there is no doubt that there are many fine moments in *M*. The story, written by Thea von Harbou, Fritz Lang's wife, is ingenious and intriguing in itself. And in story and treatment the two have avoided all the obvious pitfalls. Until the final climax we see nothing of the murderer. We see practically nothing of his victims or his murders. What we do see is the growing feeling of horror among the population of a town thus terrorized by one unknown man who murders little children.

The shadow of this one man hangs over every home. Innocent men are suspected. Each man mistrusts his neighbour.

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

Of the half-dozen or so new films being shown this week, I think I can safely recommend two to your special notice. One is a German production, directed by the famous Fritz Lang. The other is an American one directed by Gregory La Cava, a name which is, as yet, not very well known. As the latter, called *Melody of Life*, is being put on for a run at the Tivoli, I can discuss it in the next issue.

The first has been chosen to open the new season of Continental films at the Cambridge Theatre. The decision to hold this season evidently results from the success of the little Academy Theatre, which has given us so many unusual films during the last few months, and which caters for a small public, intellectual and social—the sort of public which will go to see some outstanding production more than once during an extended run. Whether there are enough people, interested in films of the more unusual and imaginative type, to fill a very much larger theatre for several weeks remains to be seen.

The police seem powerless to find the criminal in spite of all their vigilance, their daily and nightly raids, and their overlong telephone conversations. Matters have come to a deadlock, and with the list of child victims mounting every day the nerves and temper of the population are pitched to breaking point. Then the criminals take up the matter, not so much from a sense of justice but because they find their activities seriously impeded by the increased police surveillance. After much discussion they hit on a plan. They organize the beggars of the city, giving each one a certain beat with instructions to watch and follow any man seen talking to a child within that beat. And it is at this point that the film, so far a little too much taken up with talk, begins to move.

The beggars take up their posts. They follow many false trails. But at last a "blind" old balloon-seller recognizes a tune. It is from *Peer Gynt*. It is being whistled by a man buying a balloon for a little girl. He had heard it whistled once before when a man bought a balloon for a little girl on a day that one of the murders had been committed. He tells a friend to follow the pair. The man follows, chalks a large "M" on his own palm and presses it on the murderer's coat, thus branding him. The word is passed on, the beggars press in closer and closer on their prey until he hides himself in a huge office building. There he is allowed to remain until, late at night, the chief of the underworld arrives with his whole gang. They overpower and gag the watchmen, and almost break up the building as they search it from cellar to attic, where eventually they find him.

This part is most effectively and thrillingly done. So is the start of the trial in a derelict warehouse, where the murderer is brought to face these judges of the underworld. That is the climax. After that the whole tempo slows down to anti-climax. The criminals have a little too much patience. They listen to the murderer's own plea that he cannot help it. They listen to a mysterious counsel for the defence who crops up out of the blue. They listen so long that by the time they at last decide that death, rather than peaceful seclusion in a madhouse, must be the murderer's lot, and proceed to act upon it, the police arrive. And they take matters into their own hands by marching off murderer and criminals to be dealt with by the law. So the only definite conclusion to be drawn is that the insane, especially those believed to be cured of their insanity, are a danger to the public.

Except for Otto Wernicke, who has a big part as the police superintendent, the names of the actors are mostly unknown here in England. Gerhard Bienert, as the chief of the criminals, and Fritz Gnass, the burglar, have the most sympathetic parts in the film, but the former's effectiveness is badly spoilt by dubbing. The murderer, Pierre Lorre, is one of the few who can speak English as well as German, so he does not suffer from this handicap.



IRENE DUNNE AND RICHARD CORTEZ IN "MELODY OF LIFE"

The new Radio Pictures talkie film, which opened at the Tivoli in the Strand on June 6, and is on for a run as is the practice at this famous movie theatre.

LONDON'S SHOW BOAT

Commandeered by Nash's Club



SOME OF THE "PASSENGERS," INCLUDING CAPTAIN COVELL, MISS ROCHE, MRS. RONALD BALFOUR, MRS. CUTHBERT STEWART AND MRS. CHARLES



GOING ASHORE BY RIVER-TAXI



MR. HARRY GREEN AND MISS ALVA LARSEN



ENGAGED: MR. DENIS RUSSELL AND MISS VERENA HENDERSON



COMMANDER J. C. REED, MR. JAMES DICKINSON, THE MARQUISE DE GUISE, AND CAPTAIN DUDLEY TRAVERS



MRS. LE ROY LEWIS' PARTY, INCLUDING MR. NICK PRINSEP, THE HOSTESS, MRS. NICK PRINSEP, (behind) MR. LE ROY LEWIS, MRS. STEWART BROWN, AND MR. FRANCIS RICARDO

London's Show Boat, which in private life, as may be said, is the old S.S. "Alexandra," a paddle steamer which rammed and sunk a "U" boat during the War, was, on the occasion these pictures were taken, commandeered by Nash's Club, that popular and smart rendezvous in Savile Row. The big idea is a floating summer restaurant with cabaret and dance orchestra and the best food in the world. When she gets going regularly the scheme is two trips a day (or night) down to the Pool of London and back. The "Alexandra" is forty years old, but still a very sturdy old packet as her war record proves. Of some of the well-known personalities in these flash "shots" Miss Verena Henderson's engagement to Mr. Denis Russell was announced on Derby Day. Mr. Russell is the third son of the late Hon. Cyril Russell. Mr. Harry Green is going to play lead in the new show, "Marry Me," and Miss Alva Larsen is the well-known film actress. Mrs. Le Roy Lewis, who is one of London's most popular hostesses, brought a big party, as will be observed.

RACING RAGOUP : "GUARDRAIL"

OUR very best congratulations to Mr. Tom Walls on his success. There could have been no more popular winner barring the favourite, and that only for financial reasons. This is a good horse, a stayer with a turn of speed, and there was no fluke about his victory. Dastur may perhaps have come a shade too early and Miracle was left with too much to do, but I think the best horse, on which Fred Lane rode an admirable race, triumphed. One jockey said that had it been a stronger run race he would have won! Shades of Sloan, then why not go on and make it.

The favourite made a most imposing entry into the parading ring shepherded by a bodyguard of "droppers" (as I believe Mr. Capone's attendants are called), led by Mr. Gerald Deane, who looked like "giving the works" to anyone approaching too close. No fault could be found with the horse's appearance but he ran a most disappointing race, never looking to have a chance. The show horse of the piece was Cockpen, a glorious individual who may be very useful over shorter distances. Dastur had a very hard race and is a charming, game horse who has had a most unlucky season so far. Miracle, I hope, will not run again before the Leger as he is an enormous horse not yet grown to his full strength, and his severe race will probably set him back a bit. The preparation as it was had, I thought, run him up a bit since the Newmarket Stakes. On all performances

If Prince Monolulu were not there every race meeting in the kingdom would feel lonely. He is a great character and a most pains-taking tipster, and a great believer in fine feathers and a cheerful countenance



W. Davies

"I GOTTA NORSE—ALSO 'THE TATLER'!"

inquire into before I spill any more sympathy.

The Derby being over gives one a great relief. Starting a month before, with a crescendo intensity, every single soul one meets, from one's hair-dresser upwards or downwards, asks the same question, "What's going to win?" As you enter a restaurant each one of the six men who get a couple of thousand a year for holding already open doors and brushing dress clothes that won't stand much more brushing, ask the same stupid question. Even the station-master-of-all-work on a tiny station where I was fishing in Scotland I found making his Derby selection from the two-day-old "Daily Mirror" the guard of the bi-weekly train had given him. I told him Dastur, and I hope he had a hundred bawbees to seven each way, or whatever currency the wilder Picts wager in. In addition to this endless questionnaire there is the unceasing demand that one should buy tickets in sweeps for Northern Hospitals, Southern ditto, veterinary ditto, and worn-out horses, most praiseworthy charities for which one is only too glad to do something. A friend of mine, one of the most generous of men in addition to all this, was asked to help at a charity ball, and could he possibly get Miss ——, a well-known film star, to come as a patron. He was successful, and to his disgust he appeared in a flashlight photograph buying the lady the refreshment which was the least he could do. All that he got for his trouble was a red-hot blister from some low, sordid, mercenary person to whom he was indebted, to say that if he could afford to buy champagne for film stars he could afford to send a cheque for what was to him the equivalent of the National Debt in the next twenty-four hours. How infinitely preferable obscurity is to publicity one would think from this, yet if there is a "pony" going with it half our most nobly born, with that dignity possessed only by those of ancient lineage, will allow a quarto photograph of themselves to appear over the legend that they use some sort of vaseline on their faces, a grand advertisement for them and worth the money to the proprietors. I don't suppose a good caste native would consider the proposition.



DERBY DAY: MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR DEWAR AND LORD STANLEY

"Lucky" Dewar had nothing in this year's Derby that gave him any chance of repeating last year's success with Cameronian. Orwell, this year's piping hot favourite, rather resembled last year's winner in his make and shape, but his hocks are nothing like as well under him as are Cameronian's

GOOD COMPANIONS DOWN



MR. STEWART SHEFTEL, LADY BROUHAM, MAJOR E. D. METCALFE, AND LORD BROUHAM



H.H. THE AGA KHAN

EPSOM WAY LAST WEEK



SIR GEORGE AND LADY BULLOUGH ARRIVING ON THE OPENING DAY



LORD FEVERSHAM AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE



LORD PENRHYN, MISS M. JESSEL, AND LADY PENRHYN



LADY MARY HERBERT AND SIR RICHARD SYKES

A page of pictures on the opening day at Epsom, which was a bit warmer than Derby Day itself, which was not as warm as "all that," and there was almost as big a crowd. The Aga Khan did not go down on the first day, and his picture was taken just as he was going into the Ritz for lunch; but of course he was on the premises on Derby Day to see his two colts, Dastur, whose name means "as usual" or "custom," and Firdaussi. Lady Brougham, who is in the group with her husband, Major Fruity Metcalfe, and Mr. Sheftel, the golf celebrity, is a niece of the present Lord Ypres. Sir George Bullough, who is such a well-known turf personality, has Warren Hill at Newmarket in one of the best parts of the racing G.H.Q. Lord Feversham was Joint Master of the Sinnington with Major Gordon Foster, who has now resigned, and Sir Richard Sykes is Joint Master of the Middleton (East) with Captain Tom Wickham Boynton. Lady Mary Herbert is the elder of Lord and Lady Ilchester's two daughters. Lady Penrhyn, who is with her husband, is a daughter of the late Lord Hardinge, who was affectionately known in the Rifle Brigade as "Punch"



A GROUP OF CELEBRITIES IN SURREY

Taken at The Grange, Shipley Bridge, Horley, and in the picture are Madame Sawada, whose husband is First Secretary at the Japanese Legation in London; Madame Kallas, H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador, Dr. Hafez Alfi Pasha, Mrs. Van Gelder, H.E. Oskar Kallas, the Estonian Ambassador, H.E. the Persian Ambassador, Mirza Ali Gholi Khan Ansari, and Mr. Van Gelder. The little object in the foreground is Mr. and Mrs. Van Gelder's Abyssinian monkey, who would not keep still

is not without its faintly amusing aspects. If you can imagine a youngish man with, so to speak, the outlook of a self-satisfied dress-designer—according to this book, anyway—being forced by his spiritual convictions to seek by hook or by crook sartorial variety in conventional clerical garb; if you can picture to yourself the inner struggle of what a faint, but still pursuing disciple of Noel Coward might go through in a college for budding parsons—well, then you have a picture of the terrific inner conflict which is almost the entire *raison d'être* of the book, if it really has one. His quarrel was almost entirely with the Church. Quite rightly, Christianity as expounded by its followers too often mistakes gloom for righteousness, and by thwarting perfectly natural behaviour imagines that it is saving its flock for heaven. Religion which does not make people actually happier, more tolerant, kinder, more generous, even merrier, above all more honest and less hypocritical, is, whatever else it may be, not the religion of Christ. But the author of this book apparently wished to turn religious services into a happy Chelsea-Art-Club evening from which the congregation would leave telling each other, "Oh, wasn't the dear vicar funny to-night! I loved his text from 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'." No wonder his parsonic associates began at last to frown upon him. However wrong their mental perspective might be, the author, to say the least of it, had mistaken his vocation when he wished to enter the Church. So at last, in his most dramatic gesture, he renounced his "call," and like so many people who renounce something dramatically, he assumed the loss to be theirs when certainly they would have written "gain." Well, perhaps, in reality, he ought to have entered the "chorus." Here he is in a brief sketch he gives of himself: "I seem rapidly to be choking my faith in Christ: I want so badly all that is forbidden me. I am an artist really, with the rebellious and much-abused artistic temperament. I have a lively hatred of doing customary, usual things. I would love to live with Anne in a cottage where we both could write and write and write. Instead of which, I must preach beautiful sermons far above the honest heads of all sorts and conditions of ordinary, hard-working, thoroughly unprepossessing human drudges, and visit diseased men and women in close, stale, evil-smelling houses. It is all repulsive, for I worship beauty, and Christianity is supposed to make ugliness beautiful; but this is a miracle beyond my grasp." His ginger beard apparently is the cause of much conflict. Several times he shaves it off and with a defiant gesture puts it on again. Clothes are a never-ending thrill. He writes: "In the afternoon I took two funerals: very brilliant sunshine for a change, and so I wore a clean cotter and the beautiful purple damasked satin stole all embroidered with Japanese gold and scarlet silk. This was great fun." His curly hair, so greatly admired, also gives him much food for pleasant thought. "Deliciously crisp and fluffy and coy," he describes it. Phillip Oppenheim is apparently his favourite writer. And what,

I Wonder Why?

ON E knows not what to make of Richard Blake Brown's autobiography, "The Apology of a Young ex-Parson" (Duckworth, 10s.). It is of an exceedingly "frothiness" which some people may find nauseating; but, speaking personally,

while he was working in the huge parish of Portsea, he would have done without the Queen's restaurant in Southsea, I really do not know. He must have spent a small fortune on food and especially drink, to say nothing of flowers for himself and friends. Finally, however, he is ordained, and then discovers that the Church definitely cramps his style. His mother was delighted when he gave it up, and I daresay several bishops were too. They will be more delighted than ever if they read this book. For of all the not actually *unentertaining* "blather"—or I will leave an alternative word to you; that is to say, if ever you are likely to finish the book once you have begun to read it.

A Splendid Novel.

"Muids and Mistresses" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), by Beatrice Kean Seymour. But what a poor title! At first I thought it was going to be a long literary dissertation on the domestic problem. Then I thought that no one could possibly write nearly 600 pages on that, even though some women can talk about it for ever, or apparently so. Then I thought that perhaps it was a volume on virgins and the lighter ladies. But neither is it such a book. It is a novel—a very interesting novel—whose heroine is a young servant and the background of whose history are the various households in which she worked. Well, though this may sound dull—there is a prejudice against household helps in a romantic capacity—it is a novel which you won't easily be able to lay down once you have begun it, nor easily forget when once you have come to the end. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Yorke's was the first family whom poor Sally served in the capacity of housemaid-cum-mother's help. Gilbert and Mildred Yorke were deeply in love with each other, but Mildred was one of those women for whom the physical side of love, when it has not to do with the determined procreation of

(Continued on p. 418)



DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE EN ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA

Mr. John A. Pye, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Mr. J. R. G. Bantock snapped aboard the Orient liner, "Oronsay," when she was in Colombo Harbour. Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Mr. Lewis Casson, are now in Australia with a repertory which includes "Saint Joan," and on the way out they played in Egypt and in Palestine. After Australia they go on to New Zealand and Canada. Mr. Bantock, who is a son of Bantock the actor, is Superintendent of Police in Colombo

"IT IS THE CAUSE . . . MY SOUL!"

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Wife of Pavement Artist: Wot, you've only took ninepence all day?
Pavement Artist: Yus. Well, don't forget the Royal Academy's open!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

children, was immoral, entirely against those principles of hers which she liked to imagine belonged to her religion. In reality, she was one of those women for whom a man is just a father of her children, providing her and them with the necessary means whereby she could bear in comfort and bring the family up according to her own ideas of children's upbringing. The consequence was that, when her husband realized the family was becoming larger than he could afford, she refused him further rights in her body, thus forcing him against his own desire into the arms of other women. Eventually he left her, and the world, not knowing the true facts of the case, considered he had behaved like a cad. There was a divorce, and Mildred married a doctor to bear him more children. And again to consider her second husband (as a man) as little as if he did not exist in her life beyond the necessary duties of a male, and a support. Sanchia Hanson was one of the women with whom Gilbert had an affair, and she was in the same physical straits as he was himself. This was Sally's second "place." There was only one man in Mrs. Hanson's life, her husband. During the War and before they were married she had given herself to him. When Hanson came back from the War he came back wounded in such a way as made him physically incapable of being a husband. Nevertheless, because Sanchia loved him, she married him in the belief that she would be strong enough to carry such a sacrificial cross. But here again the body wrecked the peace of the spirit and forced her in spite of herself to take lovers into her life. In the end she had a child and her husband committed suicide, leaving her heart-broken. Sally's third place was in the household of a dreadful woman and her young son. The youth tried to seduce her and would have succeeded had not the most absurd but very possible *contretemps* prevented it at the last moment. But not before the young man's mother discovered her son's infatuation and, blaming Sally for everything, dismissed her without a character. Poor Sally, on the verge of committing suicide, is rescued by an elderly man, a widower, whose married daughter made his life hell. Her fear was that he might marry again and so deprive her of money which she would otherwise inherit. And gradually this elderly man and Sally come together, not through love but through loneliness, and a friendship and understanding which are of the spirit and in

which the affairs of the body are purely secondary. Before, however, he can arrange for Sally's future, he dies, and once more the girl is cast adrift. There the story comes to an end. But not for long, let us hope. Very few stories absolutely demand a sequel, but this one does. We simply must know what becomes of Sally. So quiet, so gentle, so well-meaning, so willing to serve but, in serving willingly, so soon forgotten after her service has come to an end. "Maids and Mistresses" is a moving and extraordinarily lifelike novel. Beyond the story it is the wretched history of how the body can wreck life—the peace of it, the beauty of it—all because Nature can never be "stilled"

by the spirit, but torments it the more as it is thwarted or subdued. And alas! morality and so-called religion make such a fuss about sex so that among the seven deadly sins it gets the most publicity. And yet, in the scheme of spiritual life it counts the very least, and at the end turns out to have been of no importance whatsoever. Character alone matters, since character is the inner harvest of any real religion.

* * *

The Story of a Large Family.

The Spencers as a family were very pleased with themselves. Therefore when one of the girls married John Bayliss she felt it her duty to the world to bring some of the Spencer virtues into her husband's family. But the baby must be a son. Alas, the first baby was a daughter. Nevertheless, undaunted, Mrs. Bayliss tried again. The result was, Blanche. Six times in all did she seek to provide an heir, and not until her patience and



Maid: Could I have the afternoon off, mum, as I want to see my father? He's in bed with a rapture!

fortitude had become exhausted did Bayliss junior arrive. However, Miss Jean Rudd's human and very amusing novel, "Family, With Parents" (Philip Alan. 7s. 6d.), deals almost entirely with the six Bayliss girls. One becomes a famous opera singer, another a novelist, Dorothy just marries, Margaret becomes a lawyer, Ruth a Society beauty, and the book comes to an end before Merry, the youngest, does anything at all except to be a nice, jolly kind of girl, simple, unsophisticated, and unspoilt. It is with the career of these six girls that the novel deals, and as a story, is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. Miss Rudd writes with humour and freshness. She gives us a clever sketch of an unusually clever family without making any one of them more of a "prophet" than any family allows any one of its members to be within the intimacy of family life.

LONDON AND ELSEWHERE



"PLUM" AT OXFORD: AT THE OXFORD LUNCH CLUB AT WHICH HE SPOKE ON "THE OUTLOOK OF CRICKET." HE IS IN THE GROUP (centre) WITH THE CHAIRMAN, MR. H. B. TURNER, AND LORD SANDWICH.



AT THE CURRAGH MAY MEETING: LORD AND LADY OSBORNE BEAUCLERK



MISS JOAN BARRY



IN TOWN LAST WEEK: LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

Poole, Dublin

The visit of "Plum" Warner to Oxford to talk on his best subject was very opportune, for rarely has the game been harder hit than it has been the last two seasons, and some of the County clubs are having a very thin time as the rain has stopped so many fixtures which in normal times mean good gates. Last year and this all May was virtually a wash-out. Mr. H. B. Turner, who is in the group, is Chairman of the Oxford Luncheon Club. Lord and Lady Osborne Beauclerk were at the Curragh on Irish Two Thousand day when his Kyleavalla won the Paddock Plate. Lord Osborne Beauclerk is heir-presumptive to the Duke of St. Albans. Pretty little Miss Joan Barry, who is so well known on the stage and the films, has a new and most attractive flat in Devonshire Street, and is very busy getting things into apple-pie order. Like a good many other people who eventually found their way down to Epsom, Lady Buchanan-Jardine took London en route



AT THE GARTH AND SOUTH BERKS
GYMKHANA: MISS JUNE HARGREAVES

These hunts ran a joint gymkhana in connection with the Pony Club, and the scene of battle was Tilehurst. Miss Hargreaves is the daughter of the famous South Berks ex-Master, Mr. Guy Hargreaves, whose year was 1919.

that we did not believe that it could happen. Personally, having travelled home from India in an Austrian-Lloyd ship in August, 1913, *via* Trieste which was full to the lid with troops, and got quite matey like with a gent who said he was a commercial traveller in nitrates, but who looked lonely without a *pickelhaube*, and was only too obviously an "agent," I thought I was rather lucky to get home at all before the show started. The nitrate merchant hardly bothered to make any secret of Germany's intentions where France was concerned. He said quite candidly that the country with the biggest navy ought to link arms with the country with the biggest army and police the world! He was quite a nice chap and he knew all about what was happening in our racing and polo worlds and why we had not managed to beat America for that cup.

* * * * *

However, after arriving home, all this "war" seemed to fade into the mists, and we began the polo season, 1914—a good one—as if battle-fighting were the last thing in the world that was likely to happen. There was a good entry for the Inter-Regimental, which the 15th Hussars had won in 1913, skippered by "Rattle," who was destined to lead our Inter-National team to victory in 1914, and eventually the 12th Lancers won after a really fine fight with the 1st Life Guards, whom they beat 7 to 6. The teams, in view of what the 12th have been doing in Cairo (King's Cup and Inter-Regimental), it will interest a lot of people to recall: *12th Lancers*—Mr. E. H. Leatham (killed in action), Mr. B. G. Nicholas, Captain T. R. Badger, and Mr. R. Wyndham-Quin (the present Lord Adare); *1st Life Guards*—Captain Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Captain the Hon. J. J. Astor, Captain G. E. Miller Mundy, and Major E. H. Brassey. Lord Hugh Grosvenor was killed in action in 1914, and Captain (now Major) Jack Astor (chairman of Hurlingham) seriously wounded. Almost immediately after this and certainly before the London polo season was quite cold, war flared up, and the first thing that happened was that the flower of our polo army was destroyed. Poor Noel Edwards and both the Grenfells (9th Lancers); half the 10th Hussar team (Pick Annesley was killed and Palms badly hit); half the 2nd R.B. team (Jacko Harrison and Sparrow Scott—both killed); "Nicolah," 12th Lancers, badly wounded; Leslie Cheape (K.D.G.'s), killed later; Mouse Tomkinson (No. 1 for England), hit rather badly, to mention only a few of the many regrettable casualties, for, of course, there were many, many more, and two of the worst were Lord Kensington

POLO NOTES : By "SERFILE"

When writing a note last week about regiments in which the polo germ seems to be a permanent resident, even if for a term of years he may be lying dormant, I missed out one example, at any rate—the 12th Lancers, who furnish a very good recent illustration. They won the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1914 when, although war was in the air, we tried to pretend

and Giles Courage, both 15th Hussars, even though, where polo is concerned, they were in a slightly earlier period; but both had been in the regimental team.

The 12th Lancers, as if to back up exactly what I was writing about, have come back, and since they have been in Egypt have done very well and have been right upsides with the 17th/21st Lancers, whose younger brigade is carrying on the good work. These two teams competed against each other this Spring in Cairo in the finals of the Open Cup and the King's Cup. These were two of the best matches seen in Cairo for many a year. In the Open Cup, 17th/21st Lancers won 7—6 after playing over time. In the King's Cup the 12th Lancers won 8—6. The 12th Lancers, however, can claim to have won the rubber, as previously they had won the Inter-Regimental. The two teams were, or perhaps we ought to say: *12th Lancers*—Mr. F. G. B. Arkwright, Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Hornby, Mr. A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter, and Mr. F. G. Kidston; and the *17th/21st Lancers*—Captain H. C. Walford, Captain R. B. B. Cooke, the Hon. R. G. Hamilton-Russell, and Mr. N. L. Dugdale. All these matches were real, good galloping games, as they would be, other things being equal, for grounds in Cairo are fast, and Lord Pembroke, who saw most of them, said that he had not seen such good polo for years. Lord Pembroke, incidentally, was a unit of a team the Blues very sportingly sent out to India not so very long before the War—about the time when they were going so well in the Inter-Regimental at home; they won it in 1910 and 1912, Major J. F. Harrison being their back on both occasions.

* * * *

At the risk of being called a nuisance and an optimist I repeat

that it is most encouraging to find so many regiments either reviving the glories of their own pasts or maintaining present efficiency, and the list may be said to run like this: Queen's Bays, 4th Hussars, Greys (who have yet to win an Inter-Regimental, and I'd like to see them do it most amazingly), Blues (a coming-on team), R.A., and 7th Hussars, let us hope (England) 17th/21st Lancers and 12th Lancers (Egypt), and the 10th Hussars and 15th/19th Hussars (India). All these regiments have fine polo traditions, and in every case they seem to be

(Cont. on p. xiv)



AT EPSOM: SIR HAROLD AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

On the opening day, when Sir Harold Wernher's gallant old Brown Jack was beaten in the Rosebery Memorial Plate. Sir Harold Wernher has his Someries House polo team in the field again this season. Things have been held up badly by the rain, and there was some talk of putting back the date of the Championship, as nobody has had any chance to practise, but it has been decided to leave the opening date as it is—June 20; final, 25th

IN THE VELASQUEZ MANNER

LADY JOWITT'S NEW PORTRAIT

While cleverly suggesting a Velasquez portrait, this very unusual study of Sir William Jowitt's wife is also an excellent likeness. Formerly Miss Lesley McIntyre, Lady Jowitt married the year before the war. She has great charm of manner, and America was delighted with her when she went over there with her distinguished husband, who was a member of the Bar Deputation to the States. Sir William Jowitt, K.C., the ex-Attorney General, did not seek re-election for Preston after the last Parliament was dissolved



Photograph by
Curling Studios

THE H.B. CLUB'S DERBY DINNER



LORD ROSEBERY AND
MR. JIM THOMAS



SIR HARRY MCGOWAN, LORD CARISBROOKE
AND MR. CLAUDE LEIGH



LORD LOVAT AND
SIR WALTER GILBEY



ADMIRAL ARTHUR BROMLEY



MR. TOM HONEY, MR. F. BISHOP
AND CAPTAIN SIDNEY GALTREY



LIEUT.-COL. E. F. LAWSON



MR. R. D. BLUMENFELD, SIR HARRY GREER AND MR. H. SIMONIS

The H.B. Club Derby Dinner at the Savoy drew a big field, which included a whole lot of people intimately connected with what happened at Epsom last Wednesday. Lord Rosebery, the owner of the much-fancied *Miracle* and ex-senior Steward of the Jockey Club, was the guest of honour, and the table decorations were carried out in his colours—primrose and rose. The ballroom at the Savoy was turned into a miniature Epsom. In the snapshot Lord Rosebery looks as if he were giving Mr. Jim Thomas his ideas! Another Turf celebrity in this little gathering, Sir Harry Greer, is the famous director of the National Stud at Tully. The Fourth Estate, as may be observed, was strongly represented by Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, Mr. H. Simonis, Capt. Sidney Galtrey and also by Col. Lawson

Photographs by Sasha

A FISHING HOUSE-PARTY



LT.-COL. SIR RANDOLPH BAKER FISHING THE TEST AT ROMSEY



LADY MOUNT TEMPLE WITH THREE GOOD TEST SALMON



LORD AND LADY MOUNT TEMPLE'S HOUSE-PARTY AT BROADLANDS

It is ingrained in so many of us who are not first-class fishermen that there are no salmon south of the Tay and the Tweed worth killing that the 14lb., 16lb. and 18lb. fish in the picture of Lady Mount Temple ought to make us alter our ideas. Broadlands, Lord and Lady Mount Temple's seat, is at Romsey, in Hampshire, and the Test gets a good certificate from these pictures. During this week-end party the fish struck were thirty-three, and of these seventeen got off. Lord Mount Temple, who was raised to the Peerage this year, will be better remembered as Colonel Wilfrid Ashley. Sir Randolph Baker, Bt., got a D.S.O. and a bar in the War. Baron Rubido-Vichy is the Hungarian Ambassador

Photographs by Arthur Owen

THE BARON AND BARONESS RUBIDO-VICHY—
ALSO IN THE HOUSE-PARTYLORD MOUNT TEMPLE (THE HOST) LANDING
A TEST TROUT

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

"Dangerous Corner"



BROODING OVER THE DEAD 'UN: RICHARD BIRD AND MARIE NEY

WHAT shall we do with our boys? Rupert has a flair for books—some of the literary dons at Oxford were awfully fond of him. Shall we put him into a publisher's office? Cousin George knows that exceptionally clever Mr. Harold Macmillan. Perhaps . . .

"Yes, my dear, but—well, publishers! Haven't you seen *Dangerous Corner*, the new play by J. B. Priestley? It's about some partners in a publishing firm, and their wives. Most peculiar people. I should hate dear Rupert to get like that."

Nevertheless I recommend, to all with an evening free during the next few weeks, that they should see the Priestley play at the Lyric Theatre. The good idea in its foundation is built upon with sure efficiency; it has natural dialogue and dramatic development; and it is remarkably well acted. I doubt whether you will believe that even the long arm of coincidence might assemble such bad, bad badness into its small group of intimate characters, but you will be kept tuned to a note of high interest from the curtain's rise to its last applauded fall.

It opens with a novel device and some clichés. A radio-set splutters atmospheric noises that begin with a pop. It is turned off, and when the lights arrive there is discussion about an interrupted broad-cast playlet, "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie." Truth is a sleeping dog—there's truth and truth—life's got a lot of dangerous corners, hasn't it, Charles? These sound sententious remarks, and so they are; as sententious as those you hear often in such a circle at just such an after-dinner moment. It is Mr. Priestley's cleverness that bright lines and natural clichés help each other in the ceaseless unfolding of hidden drama. His beans are spilled, faster and faster, by conversational hands that never falter. His method convinces, although the amount spilled within two hours may seem fantastic.

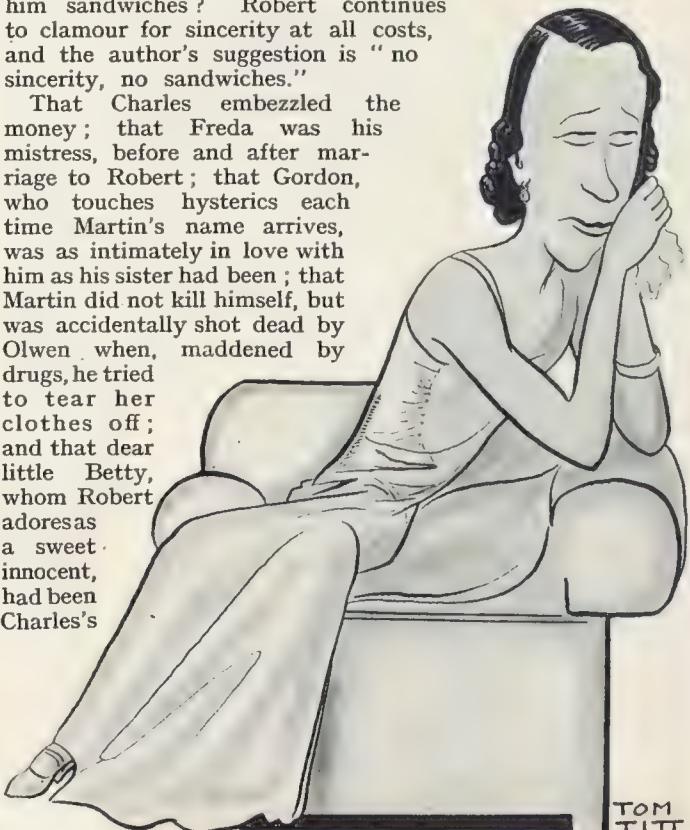
Robert, Charles, and young Gordon are partners and publishers. Freda is Robert's wife and Gordon's sister; Betty

is Gordon's flaxen little wife. Olwen, a leading employee, completes a sextette that stay polite with small talk in a Sibyl Colefax drawing-room, until dead Martin, brother to Robert, is conjured back. In life he seems to have had a devilish charm; in death he disrupts the family party with cross-currents of diabolical intrigue. He becomes the fiend from the machine. He left a cigarette-box with a mechanical device for playing tunes, which Olwen remembers when it is flaunted. Freda claims that Olwen never saw Martin with it; and at Martin's name five faces grow wary. From then on, revelation piles upon question and evasion.

Freda was certain about the cigarette-box, because she herself bought it on the day before Martin shot himself. Revelation number one is that she must have taken it to him, which suggests that she was the last to see him alive. But Olwen, badgered by Robert, admits to meeting the box and the dead man still later. Betty claims a convenient headache, and, with Charles and Gordon, hurries from an awkward moment; which leaves the stage clear for worse revelations. Freda invites Robert to drop the hint after hidden truth, but his scent is too keen. Hounds race through one confessional copse after another. Olwen admits having thought that Robert, instead of Martin, had been guilty of an embezzlement which was the presumed cause of Martin's suicide. It was to discuss the embezzlement that she saw Martin before his death, and heard from him that Charles had accused Robert. Robert remembers that, to him, Charles had accused Martin. If, then, neither brother was guilty, who can have been the embezzler? Clearly the man who told the lies.

The hunt is in full cry. Charles and Gordon are recalled by telephone, and Freda has a problem in etiquette—if the host drags a man back to call him a cad, thief, and liar, ought the hostess to offer him sandwiches? Robert continues to clamour for sincerity at all costs, and the author's suggestion is "no sincerity, no sandwiches."

That Charles embezzled the money; that Freda was his mistress, before and after marriage to Robert; that Gordon, who touches hysterics each time Martin's name arrives, was as intimately in love with him as his sister had been; that Martin did not kill himself, but was accidentally shot dead by Olwen when, maddened by drugs, he tried to tear her clothes off; and that dear little Betty, whom Robert adores as a sweet innocent, had been Charles's



THE MAN I KILLED: FLORA ROBSON

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN NOVELIST:
ESME CHURCH

volent feeling that the firm and its womenkind will hold together after all: Robert chilled by Freda and adoring Betty, Olwen secretly loving Robert, Charles wanting Olwen in spirit while using Betty's body, Gordon the pervert hated by Betty but partnering her in their turn as sweet young things, and all of them brooding over the diabolic dead 'un.

Could Mr. Victor Gollancz, Mr. Jonathan Cape, Mr. Geoffrey Bles (what resonant names some of these publishers have), or Mr. Hodder and Mr. Stoughton be fitted anywhere into such a picture? Emphatically not. But this flippancy has no sort of bearing on criticism; it merely records that there are no such Narkover traditions in contemporary publishing.

The stage legitimate exaggerates life. The only adverse point to be scored against this play and production is that, while the theme is brilliant, the plot goes beyond the limits of balanced exaggeration. To recruit such a half-platoon of people, with so many horrid intrigues, you must sift through a hundred scattered acquaintances in a dozen walks of life. You can believe in each of the individuals, but not in their grouping.

Their fantastic pattern provides, however, a psychological melodrama which may well seem the more exciting because it blasts an audience's belief with explosive secrets. It

is often unfair to describe a play's plot in detail, but I have done so in this instance because it seems to me that the rich luridity should entice some play-goers into seeing for them-

mistress merely out of boredom, and had provoked him into stealing the money—all this trips out as a result of Robert's bull-dog insistence on holding truth by the short hairs.

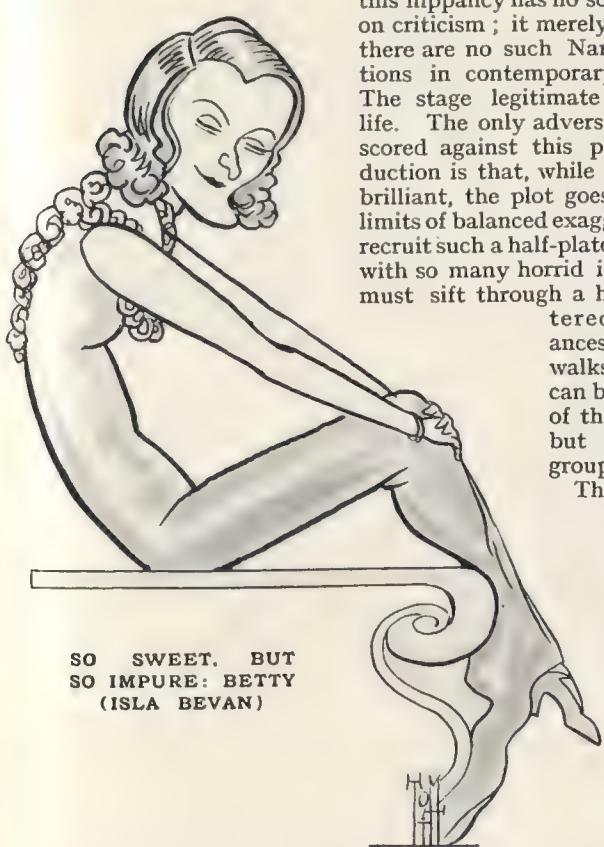
It seems enough to go on with. It is too much for Robert, who runs upstairs to shoot himself. *Pop!* The lights vanish, the pop merges into a return of radio noises. *Aria da capo.* The conversation is exactly as it was in the beginning, until Freda's remark about the box, which now is omitted. The radio functions, the group are left dancing. You leave the theatre with a warm, bene-

selves. They can be assured that the manner is yet more alluring than the matter, and that their attention will be held by good dialogue and taut action.

The melodramatics of *Dangerous Corner* might perhaps have been ruined by poor acting. They are here helped by first-class performance and by quick, slick production (from Mr. Tyrone Guthrie). Flora Robson's Olwen, in particular, is a character-study of finely threaded emotion and repression. Marie Ney is to be admired as Freda—the doubting, wondering expression on her face and the hesitant play of hands, when in the last act she refrains from the one fatal remark, should be filmed for instruction at the College of Dramatic Art. Isla Bevan gives good looks and the right kind of spurious naïveté to Betty, but is at some disadvantage when so closely linked with Flora Robson and Marie Ney. Frank Allenby, Richard Bird and William Fox are part-perfect as the men. Esmé Church reminded me of half-a-dozen women novelists as they are. And you can dine in peace before *Dangerous Corner*—the curtain rises at 8.40, and Elizabeth Pollock's well-known imitations precede the play proper.

One pleasure in writing for such a weekly as *The Tatler* is that I need not always attend first-nights. I perhaps saw smoother acting at the Priestley production than is likely during the tension of an opening performance in London. The first showing of Mr. Phillip Johnson's *Queer Cattle* (which vanished after one week) was ruined by the effect on four players of shouts from gallery and pit to "speak up!" Their voices rose in jerked spasms to trombone pitch, fell back into flutey cadence when the production tempo returned to normal, and sprang up again at the next gallery yell, which also put them out of stride and balance. All grip was lost.

I do not argue that Mr. Johnson's first play would otherwise have survived. To win an emphatic success, which nowadays seems the only alternative to quick box-office failure, it needed fresher characters and situations. Still, the author's talent for dialogue and dramatic twist stood out several yards long at intervals. He reduced his chances by following older dramatists instead of his own bent; and interruption spoiled what invention remained.

THE NARKOVER SPIRIT IN PUBLISHING:
WILLIAM FOX, FRANK ALLENBYSO SWEET, BUT
SO IMPURE: BETTY
(ISLA BEVAN)"THE PLAY PRECEDED
BY ELIZABETH POL-
LOCK IN A THEATRI-
CAL BAZAAR"

Priscilla

TRÈS CHER,— I feel that I ought to relate at least one important (more or less) happening that occurred in Paris last week—if only to justify the heading of this page—and then find some graceful and plausible transition leading up to the fact that, for the past few days, I have been enjoying a wonderfully happy time in London. I am so thrilled, however, at finding myself once more in “the town of my birth” that I simply cannot remember a thing about Paris! *C'est comme ça!* I so rarely come over to England that, when I do, it is the most amazing and marvellous adventure. A little frightening also, for I discover that I have become somewhat of a “foreigner” and no longer know my way about, and that I have an unfortunate penchant for making the wrong kind of jokes.

When, on the boat, I filled in my “landing ticket” without putting on my spectacles, I put my age down in the space reserved for the number of one's (possible) children. A courteous Passport official pointed this out in due time. I apologised, of course, for my stupidity. “It doesn't matter at all,” quoth he kindly, to which I was rash enough to reply, “Oh, but it would . . . to me,” and, as we say in Paris, “*Ça a jeté un froid*,” for it was he who blushed!

Need I tell you that I have spent more of my time, since my arrival, at the theatre? The first play I saw was, of course, “The Cat and the Fiddle,” in which Alice Delysia is so utterly delightful. When the curtain rose on the first scene, in Brussels, with the chattering Belgians exchanging pleasantries in their own tongue and Leoni bursting into song in his language . . . my husband leaned towards my ear: “I never knew I understood English before,” he murmured, and settled back in his seat completely reassured! Nevertheless, we have not been to see “Il est Charmant”! *Achetez Français* not being part of our programme when out of France. When I lose my husband in London I know that I shall probably find him either at Dunhill's, Burberrys, or . . . the Woolworth store, from which he brings me the most amazing labour-saving-and-home-building contraptions. I feel obliged to point out that we would probably find exactly the same things (if we really wanted them, and we *don't*!) at the “Foire de Paris” (now open at the Porte de Versailles). There! I



Sobol, Paris

THE GAMBARELLI DANCERS FROM NEW YORK

Madame Maria Gambarelli, from the Roxy Theatre, New York, has made a success with her troupe of American girls, who are having a great vogue at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant, in the Champs Elysées. It is their first appearance in Europe

awed by “The Miracle,” and utterly charmed (and tickled!) by “The Cat and the Fiddle.” The party given on the stage of the Palace on Saturday night was, by the way, in celebration of the hundredth performance of that delightful musical play.

I was also invited to Marcel Boulestin's supper-party following a “Petit Concert Gastronomique,” where I found it amusing (after my life in Paris) to know hardly anybody . . . except by sight, when they happened to really resemble their photographs. I am told that Mr. James Agate—whose writings I find so entertaining—was there, a reluctant guest at first, since a mutual friend told me that he came prepared “to listen to bad music while eating a sandwich”! He must have been pleasantly surprised by the excellent supper that followed a really interesting musical programme of songs by Schubert, Poulenc, Ravel, Chabrier, and Auric, intelligently and beautifully (not always the same thing) sung by Miss Sophie Wyss, who manages, although I am told that she is Swiss, to sing in French without the slightest accent.

Boulestin, whom I knew in Paris for many years before he came to London (*et ça ne nous rajeunit pas, mon cher!*), has been musical critic to the *Mercure Musical* and *S.I.M.* (the *Société Internationale de Musique*). Knowing all this, it seems to me strange that Mr. Agate should have been such a pessimist.

And now, Très Cher, I must make my usual moan! Why are London theatres so full of draughts? You stifle and “sweat somethink 'orrif” in ours when you come to Paris . . . but I shiver and shake in yours! Is there never a *juste milieu* for such things? I suppose not! With love, PRISCILLA.



MADAME FRANÇOISE ROSAY

In private life Madame Françoise Rosay is Mme. Jacques Feyder, wife of the well-known French film producer who has made such a name for himself in Hollywood, where Mme. Rosay has also “made” so many pictures. At present she is appearing in “Flesh-and-Blood,” at the Bouffes-Parisiens. She is tall and slim, and has the most beautiful white hair and dark eyes in the world. She is a great friend of Greta Garbo's

THE BRAINS AND BEAUTY OF THE FILMS



IN "THE MAN I KILLED": LIONEL BARRYMORE AND NANCY CARROLL



LIL DAGOVER: "THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO"

"The Man I Killed," in which Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carroll have won many fresh laurels, is based on that sombre play of French origin, "L'Homme Qui J'Ai Tué," all about a conscience-stricken fighting soldier who does not believe that murder *en masse*, commonly called war, is any less culpable than murder in detail. Lionel Barrymore is John Barrymore's younger brother, and both are as greatly distinguished on the stage as they are on the celluloid. Lil Dagover is the famous German actress, who is one of First National's principal stars. Adrienne Doré is one of Hollywood's blondes, and it is no surprise to be told that she has won many beauty contests



ADRIENNE DORÉ—ONE OF THE FILM'S MOST DECORATIVE

IN AND OUT OF TOWN



CHEZ BOULESTIN! AT THE CONCERT GASTRONOMIQUE
Mr. Hutchinson, the well-known barrister, Lady Diana Cooper and Lady Jowitt,
wife of the Attorney General (Swabe)



AND SOME MORE GUESTS AT BOULESTIN'S
Lady Queensberry, Mr. "Peter" Page, Mrs. C. B. Cochran, Mr. G. McLean,
Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mrs. McLean (Swabe)



FISHING THE SPEY: MAJOR K. E. WINGFIELD DIGBY.
MR. T. ECCLES AND MR. SPENCER KENNARD
Sutherland



Truman Howell
AT THE SHROPSHIRE AND WEST MIDLAND SHOW:
BRIG.-GENERAL HUGH CHOLMONDELEY, MRS. A. H. HEBER
PERCY, MISS LUCAS TOOTH AND MR. R. YOUNG



MR. BERNARD SHAW'S LITTLE TOUR TO OXFORD

A group at Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble's house, Hammels, Boars' Hill. On the left (in glasses), Professor Gilbert Murray, the host and hostess, and Mr. Bernard Shaw in the centre; Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield and the Hon. H. A. L. Fisher (Warden of New College) on right

M. Boulestin's happy idea of a Petit Concert Gastro-nomique was definitely a hit. Mr. Peter Page, the well-known dramatic critic, whose musical gifts are well known, probably enjoyed the dinner as much as anyone. The scheme was a melody for every course, and, as the influence of sound-waves upon matter is an established scientific fact, it is certain that this must have been a great aid! The three fish killed on the Laggan Water, River Spey, were 21 lb., 17 lb., and 10 lb. Major Wingfield Digby and his friends obviously are having a great time. During his recent visit to Oxford, Mr. Shaw, in addition to lecturing young Communists on the folly of Bolshevism, read some of his plays to the enraptured audience seen in the picture. Brigadier-General Hugh Cholmondeley, who is in the Shropshire Agricultural Show group, used to be Master of the North Shropshire hounds



THE NAUTCH GIRL

By MCORSOM



WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

By GILBERT



DS—AND THE RACE BEGINS!
T HOLIDAY



"Planning the New Expedition" by A. D. McCormick RI

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THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



"SEE FOR YOURSELF!"

AT THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP



AT MUIRFIELD LAST WEEK: LADY SMILEY,
MAJOR GEOFFREY LUBBOCK
AND MRS. J. OSCAR CLARKE



MR. PEASE, MRS. K. MURRAY AND MRS. BLAIR



THE COUNT MICHAEL DE TORBY



LORD AND LADY SINCLAIR OF DALRY AND SIR ROBERT AND LADY BOOTHBY

The great battle between John de Forest of Addington and Eric Fiddian of Stourbridge was followed breathlessly—in more ways than one—by the big number of enthusiasts at Muirfield. Golfers are quite as undefeatable by the weather as fox-hunters, and this championship, which John de Forest won eventually by 3 and 1, was a struggle worth braving a good deal to see. Of some of these in this small collection of people who were there, Lady Smiley is the wife of the late Sir John Smiley and a daughter of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny. The present baronet, her son, is a subaltern in the Grenadiers. Mrs. Oscar Clarke is the wife of the Chairman of Coats, Paisley. Mrs. Blair is the wife of Brigadier-General Arthur Blair, D.S.O., and a daughter of the late Sir Chandos Hoskyns, Bt. Count Michael de Torby is the brother of Lady Milford Haven and Lady Zia Wernher. Lord Sinclair, of Milton Park, Dalry, used to be in The Greys and is a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland. Sir Robert Boothby is a Director of the Bank of Scotland, and he was the Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews in 1921.

Photographs by Balmain



**LORD AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH IN FERMOY;
(INSET) MR. FRED ASTAIRE**

Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who were married on May 9, are spending the honeymoon fishing at Carysville, Fermoy, Co. Cork, with the bridegroom's father, the Duke of Devonshire. Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish were married in the private chapel at Chatsworth, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and members of the family and Mrs. Astaire being present. Fred Astaire and Lady Charles Cavendish, his sister, better known to the world at large as Adèle Astaire, had been on the stage together for twenty years, and the severance of this connection, other bonds quite apart, naturally was a wrench. Lady Charles Cavendish has definitely retired from the stage, and she and her husband have settled in Ireland.

Photograph by Frank O'Brien and Inset by Nickolas Muray



MISS SYBILLE JONES—A "DUBARRY" LADY

Tunbridge

An attractive unit of the big cast in "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's and one of the most photographed young women on the stage. Her record is said to be nearly 5000 photographs a year—a remarkable figure! Miss Sybille Jones is one of the lovely young women in the Salon of Madame de Sauterelle, where The Dubarry herself is the star performer

THE subject of the lesson was the wonderful instinct displayed by animals and birds. At the end of the class the teacher asked if any child wished to ask a question. One small boy held up his hand.

"Well, what is it you want to know?"

"I want to know, Sir," replied the boy, "what makes chickens know how big our egg-cups are?"

* * * * *

"Can you dance?" asked the theatrical manager to the applicant.

"No, Sir," faltered the girl.

"Can you sing?"

"No."

"Can you act?"

"Not much."

"Then what have you come here for?"

"My looks."

"Well, you can hunt round for them if you like, but I don't think you'll find them here."

* * * * *

A man who was suffering from acute indigestion was told by his doctor that if he laughed fifteen minutes before each meal his pains would vanish.

One day in a City restaurant, and prior to ordering his meal, he commenced to laugh. Another customer seated at an adjacent table immediately got up and walked over to the laughing one.

"What in the world are you laughing at, Sir?" he inquired.

"I'm laughing for my liver," was the reply.

"H'm," said the other, rather puzzled. "I suppose I'd better laugh too. I ordered mine twenty minutes ago."

* * * * *

"I wish you wouldn't make any more scones, dear," implored the newly-married husband.

"Why?" asked his bride, looking offended. "Don't you like my scones?"

"Yes, I do, darling—but you are too frail for such heavy work!"

Bubble and Squeak

The new hand reported for duty to the foreman.

"I want you to test all the incandescent gas-mantles in the building," the foreman instructed him. "Make a note of the ones that don't work and I'll give you new mantles to replace them."

Shortly afterwards the new hand turned up again. "Sixty new mantles are required," he said.

"Sixty!" gasped the foreman. "But there are only sixty in the whole place!"

"Well, I tested them all, and every one I squeezed fell to pieces," came the reply.

* * * * *

"Your Honour," said the prosecuting attorney in an American court, "your bull-pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible."

"Well," grumbled his Honour, "make the witness kiss the pup; we can't adjourn court to get a new Bible."

* * * * *

An American was playing golf with an Englishman, and the American had been carving up the turf all over the course. Eventually the Englishman said: "Pardon me, but is it not the custom in America to replace the divot?"

"Divot?" cried the American. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, don't you replace the turf?"

"Replace the turf?" the other echoed. "Oh, no; only when putting."

* * * * *

"**W**hat do you think of our mural tablets, Sir?" asked the verger.

"Waal," drawled the American visitor, "I put a penny in the box over there, but nothing came out; so I guess I didn't get a chance to try them."

* * * * *

The golfer had lost his ball, and not unnaturally was inclined to be annoyed with his caddie.

"Why the deuce didn't you watch where it went?" he asked angrily.

"Well, Sir," said the boy, "it don't usually go anywhere, and so it took me unprepared-like."

* * * * *

The new cook was just arriving. "You seem to have a great deal of luggage, Cook," commented her new mistress.

"Yes," replied Cook, "I don't rightly know what is in half them trunks. The fact is, I haven't had no time to unpack for months and months."



MISS BENITA HUME IN "PARTY"

Claude Harris
Miss Benita Hume has made the big hit clear over the pavilion for six in Ivor Novello's very modern play, "Party," which looks like hardening into a success at the Strand. Miss Benita Hume and Miss Lilian Braithwaite carry the play to triumph



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MAGDALEN—HEAD OF THE RIVER

At the end of the Oxford "Mays" Magdalen first crew came out top of the river and fully deserved to hold on to their position. To go to the head they bumped University I. and Brasenose I. The names in the picture are: R. F. G. Sarell (bow), P. G. Hewison, P. M. Bristow, A. Smithies, F. D. Barmby, A. S. Irvine, G. F. C. Hawkins, J. G. Bond (stroke) and C. Komarakul Na Nagara (cox). The races were rowed on a higher river than ever before, and the current was so strong that many crews were hard put to it to finish the course

IT is a good mark to Larry Gains that, even after the announcement that in the box-fight with Primo the "no foul" rule would be in force, he did not find that he had an earlier date at Ottawa than the coming Economic Conference. Mr. Jeff Dickson's "Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed" to Jack Sharkey is also rather touching. In spite of Larry's gains I suppose Signor Carnera will continue to eat two dozen bananas as a finish-off to his breakfast quite unperturbed. Probably Primo knows that song, "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum!" off by heart and even hums it in his sleep. No one has yet suggested training box-fighters on Yo-Yo. Why not?

* * *

The Drapers' Chamber of Trade, I see by the papers, deprecates the greeting of customers in our stores with either "Good morning, Moddom!" or "Good afternoon, Moddom!" and asserts that this sort of thing is apt to put some people off. I know nothing about these technical details personally, but, speaking as a mere Man in the Street, I say that I think the more that mutual badinage and bonhomie are encouraged the better—especially in some specified instances. For instance, where victim and barber and/or dentist are concerned. The victim, unless (a) bald or (b) toothless, should adopt a cringing smirk, rather like that of Mr. Charles Chaplin, when approaching either, or both, of these practitioners; for is it not true that, once ensconced in their chairs (very similar in appearance and with identically the same mechanical appliances for shortening or lengthening the range), he is completely at their mercy? Mr. Sweeney Todd is not dead. He has many reincarnations, so has Mr. Torquemada, and this is why I say all this about the necessity for creating an atmosphere of geniality. If you can bring yourself to it, when meeting Mr. Torquemada by appointment, you should make some remark about the shining brightness of the assortment of pliers, tongs and tweezers laid out ready for use on the little tray on the right-hand side of the chair, and hazard a guess that they may be made of stainless steel. This will please him—perhaps. You should also say: "And what is that thing like a little five-barred gate?" He will reply, no doubt: "Oh, we only use that if the patient turns nasty and tries to spit the gag out of his mouth—and now" (looking at his wrist watch) "would you kindly take a seat, as I think that must be Dr. Cockayne's car."

Where the Sweeney Todds are concerned, if you wish to escape having the point of the scissors stuck into your head, getting a slap with the brush, or a rake with the comb, you should never check their flow of small-talk about whether you'd like it short round the ears; how thick it is on top; and what a bad artiste the last chap who cut it must have been. Brusqueness may make things most unpleasant for you, and if possible you should tell him which one is an absolute snip for the Hunt Cup. On rising to leave, and pressing a handsome douceur into his ready palm while he brushes the débris off your coat collar, you should permit him to sting you with a bottle of his firm's special hair-dope or tonic and make a graceful exit thanking him profusely, and saying that if the weather carries on as it's going we

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

shan't have any change. Attention to little details like this makes all the difference in life.

* * *

"He was then informed that arrangements had been made for their interment at Stirling Castle. . . ."

This apropos some German reservists captured at the beginning of the war by our Tenth Cruiser Squadron, and the fact is set out in *Under Great Bear and Southern Cross*, by Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Hamnet Share (Jarrolds; 18s.). We never committed the atrocity of burying prisoners alive during the war! Even if this little effort by the author's editor had not happened, this book would have been a great joy, and will be read, I am sure, by anyone and everyone who may be, or has been, in the Senior Service, and by hosts of others who have not. Sir Hamnet Share tells a very good yarn, and as he has a period ranging from when he first went to sea in the composite corvette, H.M.S. *Tourmaline*, at the time when H.M. the King and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, were midshipmen in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, and carries on through the bombardment of Alexandria, the Boer War, his service in Australia on Sir Harry Rawson's and Lord Northcote's staffs, the late war, his visit to India and the Dominions on Lord Jellicoe's staff, down to the sad day when the great little Admiral finally struck his flag in H.M.S. *New Zealand*, it may be gathered that the author has no lack of good material. How well Sir Hamnet Share has written it I recommend everyone to find out for himself. The book is crammed full of vivid incident, and from end to end is a well-told tale.

(Continued on p. xii)



Howard Barrell
AT THE SOUTH NOTTS PUPPY SHOW

The Hon. Mrs. E. J. Hoos (who is Lord Brownlow's sister and the wife of Mr. Edward Jan Hoos) and Mrs. R. Franklin at the Kennels at Gedling. The South Notts Kennels are very good ones, and Gedling is not far from Nottingham

IT'S NICE to have your children arrive at an age when they can go for walks with you. Often in the past you must have pictured the fun you would have with them—long, jolly rambles through the woods, invigorating jaunts over the heath. Unfortunately it doesn't always work out like that in practice. Just when you think the time has come—they don't seem to want to go for walks at all. They'll go to any extremes to avoid them. Now this isn't sheer laziness. There's probably a very good reason, and the reason can very often be found in their shoes. Are they all that they should be? For children's shoes should allow the bones, muscles and ligaments of the foot to function normally, free and unfettered. Their feet will then develop naturally, and grow healthy and strong. Cantilever Shoes are flexible shoes which conform to the movements of the feet and give the freedom essential for healthy development and tireless walking. Cantilever Shoes are made with a straight inner line which conforms to the normal foot and thereby avoids the tendencies of other shoes to force the big toes outwards, to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes. Give your children's feet a chance and your own feet the time of their lives in comfortable Cantilever Shoes. Write for a free booklet explaining in detail the reasons for Cantilever comfort and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store to CANTILEVER LIMITED, NORTHAMPTON.



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Brooklands.

"PRECIPITATION" is what Mr. Entwistle and his meteorological myrmidons call it. It is nice to think, when water is coursing down your neck and squelching in your shoes and running up your sleeves, that it is not raining; but that "precipitation is occurring." Precipitation occurred almost "without intermission" at the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators meeting at Brooklands. It was almost, but not quite, as bad as the precipitation that occurred during the Cross-Country Race at Heston the week before. The sky was overcast; the visibility 1000 to 2000 yards, "improving later"; the clouds were alto-stratus at 2500 ft., and, as I mentioned, precipitation occurred.

It was the greatest pity, for the show that was given, despite the rain, gave evidence of careful organisation and excellent imagination. "The Tailor" Concours d'Élégance was wisely postponed owing to the rain, but many of the other events took place according to plan and to programme. A dripping, bedraggled audience was dragged again and again from what rudimentary shelter there was, to stand gazing upwards, while the rain poured into their mouths and eyes, in order to watch some more than ordinarily interesting flying.

The Fiery Firefly.

Major Bulman and Flight-Lieut. Staniland and, later, Mr. Sayer, gave some really wonderful exhibitions of aerobatics, and, taken with that given by Flight-Lieut. Stainforth at Heston during the Household Brigade meeting, they must be regarded as the apex of aerobatics. I do not think that in any other part of the world there are pilots and aircraft capable of doing what they did and of doing it so well. Not only was the flying itself impeccable, but also the showmanship. It would be invidious to attempt to choose between them in the matter of excellence or between their aircraft. One can only mention the common factor to all the aircraft—the Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine, an engine that stands out as the most notable feat in aeronautical engineering of the decade.

Major Bulman seemed to me to bring to life again some of the war-time traditions of aerobatics, when everything was done an inch from the ground and two feet from the railings. And the effect was electrical. People who spend half their lives watching air displays rushed out into the rain to see his exhibition. And they were well rewarded. Other items included the

FLIGHT-LIEUT. J. J. PARKES

Who did the flying for the series of pictures illustrating the stages of learning to fly which were published in the special aviation number of "The Tatler" last week. Flight-Lieut. Parkes is a member of No. 601 Squadron



Dorothy Wilding
MRS. GORDON VEREKER

The wife of Mr. Gordon Vereker, who is attached to the British Embassy in Warsaw and was in the Grenadier Guards during the war. Mrs. Vereker is flying her own Puss Moth out to Warsaw to join her husband. She is also well known in the hunting world

By OLIVER STEWART

parachute drop by two parachutists, one from about 1500 ft., and the other—Mr. R. Quilter, Sir Cuthbert Quilter's son and heir—from about 2500 ft.

Mr. Quilter is, for some reason, attracted by appalling risks; but after seeing his display at Brooklands most people will be pleased to know that he has now given up parachuting for "pleasure." He was in the Grenadier Guards, and as a member of the Household Brigade Flying Club he won the Madocks Cup three years ago with some beautifully judged landings in his aeroplane. But flying was not exciting enough, and he took to parachuting; but not parachuting as most exhibition jumpers know it. No; that was too easy. Mr. Quilter specialised in the nerve-racking, breath-taking, brain-stunning, thought-binding, paralysing process known variously as the "free fall" or delay drop.

Parachutes for Two.

At Brooklands Mr. Quilter engaged in a sort of parachute duel. The parachutist in the lower aircraft jumped and Mr. Quilter jumped at the same time from about 1000 ft. higher up. The lower parachute was opened after a fall of about 100 ft., but Mr. Quilter fell like a stone for what seemed to the onlookers to be an age. One could see him hurtling through the air, head down, the body slightly bent, with the legs slightly apart.

He fell clear for what I estimate to be about 1200 ft., but what I believe he calculated to be about 1000 ft., or slightly less, and then pulled the rip cord. The parachute, a Russell lobe of special design, opened immediately, to the relief of the onlookers, and Mr. Quilter came down on a small island not far from the Vickers sheds. It was a wonderful display of daring by one who knew exactly what the risks were. All the same, it is in many ways satisfactory that Mr. Quilter intends to make no more of these long-delay jumps. It had been his intention at Brooklands to go for the world's record by falling 6000 ft. before opening his parachute; but the Air Ministry forbade it.

Before leaving the Brooklands meeting mention must be made of the finished displays of flying by Flight-Lieut. W. E. P. Johnson and Flight-Lieut. Christopher Clarkson, of the flying of Mr. Brie in the autogiro, (Continued on page vi)



C. A. Sims
AT BROOKLANDS

Flight-Lieut. P. W. S. Bulman and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, two of those responsible for our wonderful Royal Air Force fighting and day bombing aeroplanes, the Rolls-Royce engined Furies and Harts, two of the finest of their respective type in the world



LES
SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES
D'HOUBIGANT

A woman of refinement adapts her attire to morning, afternoon and evening wear; there should be a change of perfume, too.

In seeking to satisfy this new mode of expression, HOUBIGANT has evolved three new perfumes exquisitely appropriate to the hour :

POUR LE MATIN POUR L'APRÈS-MIDI
POUR LE SOIR

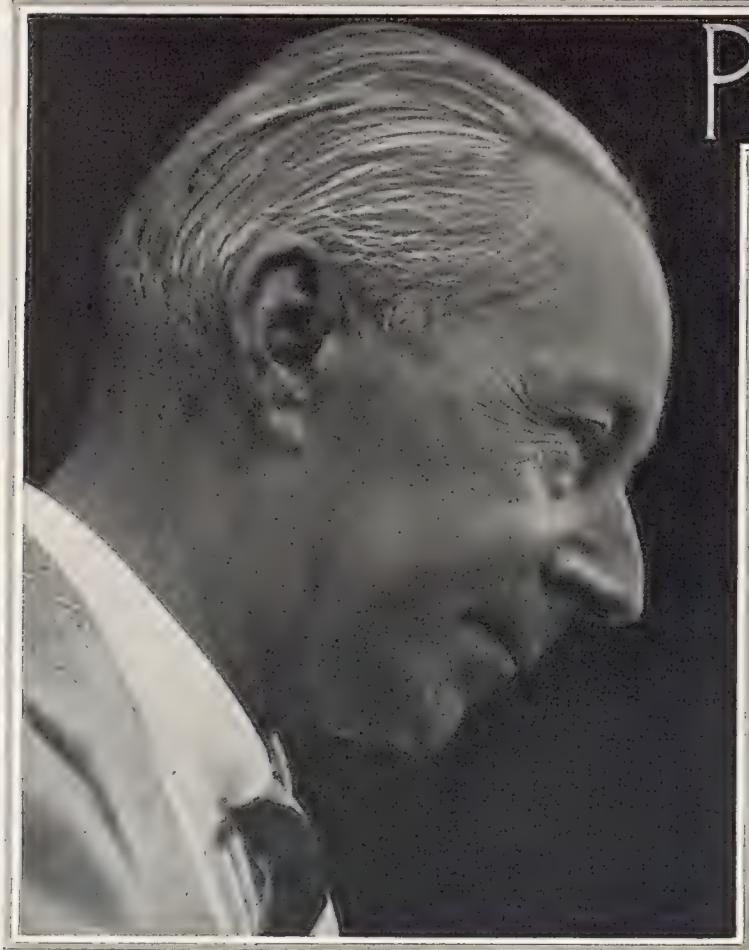
Arranged in a delightful Coffret, under the title of "LES HEURES CHOISIES" (Chosen Hours), these perfumes, composed of precious and lasting essences, acquire their full virtue after a short period of evaporation.

They happily complete the series "LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT" which now comprises:

ESSENCE RARE ÉTUDE FESTIVAL
POUR LE MATIN POUR L'APRÈS-MIDI
POUR LE SOIR

Each of these six distinct perfumes can be obtained separately in standard sizes.

HOUBIGANT



THE EX-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

This picture was taken on Prince Wilhelm's fiftieth birthday, and is one of the few of the "studio" order that have been published in the English press since the events of 1914-1918. The ex-Crown Prince in the pre-War days was almost more English than the English themselves and was very keen on such little failings of ours as polo and pig-sticking, and he was more than an average good man outside a horse.

"Dooty is Dooty."

THEY say that a wise man often changes his mind and a fool never. If that is so I have a slender claim to wisdom, for there is at least one matter upon which I have quite several times altered my views, and that is the h.p. tax upon motor-cars. I see that in certain quarters strenuous efforts are being made to get the principle of "so much per 100 c.c." substituted for the £1 per "h.p." according to the ancient and illusory R.A.C. formula. With the best will in the world and with much regret I cannot wish these efforts any success. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* may be a sound enough apothegm, but I still prefer the evils with which I am familiar to those of which I know nothing. Basically absurd and out of date as it may be, we have now got thoroughly accustomed to the h.p. scheme which, when all is said and done, is only an extended form of income-tax that we shall have to pay in one form if we don't pay in another. There are several reasons why I am dead against any new system. Chiefest of them is that if such should be introduced the Treasury will naturally want it to yield more. To expect it to put up temporarily with a smaller revenue so as to get a vastly bigger in the indefinite future is, from the start-off, one of the most hopeless propositions ever conceived. It is our money they want, and they ain't goin' to wait for it, and in present circumstances I really don't feel that I can blame them. Another most important factor—though it is often neglected—is that for years our leading makers of cars have been endeavouring to give us the maximum amount of *real* horse power for a given tax. If, then, the tax-basis is altered it follows that design will have to be altered, too. And I need hardly tell you that that is a very costly process, the bill for which would most certainly be handed on, and quite rightly so, to the jolly old motoring public, which has been an Aunt Sally for so long and the target of economic missiles that it has entirely forgotten how to make any effective protest, if ever it knew—which is doubtful. So I am come to the conclusion that

PETROL VAPOUR

by W. G. ASTON

if we jump at all out of the frying-pan (and by now we ought to be certificated salamanders) it can only be into the fire. Any hasty action, therefore, is to be strongly deprecated, particularly as the chance of the price of juice going up very shortly is sickeningly "odds on." Very well, then, let sleeping dogs lie. Rather a lot of copy-book aphorisms in this note, I must admit. But the older you get the more clearly do you see that the damn things *are* true.

* * *

Clear Vision.

Once upon a time I used to complain bitterly that though a screen-wiper would give me a reasonably transparent protection in rain and snow, it was powerless to deal with the wet grit and adhesive muck that foregoing tyres hurl off a merely damp road-surface—and this reduces visibility to so low a minimum that often enough I have had to stop and do a bit of window-cleaning with my gloves. But now an enterprising firm has come to the rescue with what can fairly be described as a cure for "that distressing and almost universal malady" (I can't think where I got that phrase from—it is not of my own making), and I have given their device a lengthy test. It works well; so well, in fact, that if I were a motor-manufacturer I would think seriously about standardizing it. The components are few. First, a water container, holding about a pint and a half, that is easily accommodated under the bonnet; second, a little brass tube, with holes in it, that distributes the doings on to the screen-wiper-blade and is attached to the top edge of said screen; and third, one of those india-rubber domestic appliances, usually hidden in the bath-room cupboard, that the butler in the "The answer's a lemon" story confused with an "enigma." Anyhow, it's got a bulb and a couple of valves, so that when you pinch the former it squirts. The bulb I have discreetly housed in a convenient cubby-hole; but, without let or hindrance, it can be quite openly displayed. It is quite astonishing the small amount of water that is needed to clean the glass of its opaque covering of minute bits of grit. In spite of engine heat, the container is not empty after weeks of use. This is a patented gadget, and its name is the "Gordon Screen-spray." It costs 12s. 6d., and it is worth every penny of it. I must say I like things that visibly do their job of work, and this is one that does. If you wish I will tell you where you can get it, but I would much sooner that you asked your local man to supply. All I can say is that it is the most

(Continued on p. xx)



Poole, Dublin
LADY ELIZABETH ANNESLEY
AT THE ROYAL ULSTER SHOW

A snapshot at Belfast last week, where they had a record gate all four days. The famous experts from Weedon greatly added to the success, and their equitation display had its usual and inevitable reception. Lady Elizabeth Annesley is the wife of Mr. Gerald Annesley, son of Lady Mabel Annesley. She is a daughter of Lord and Lady Roden.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



Sarah Gamp knew.



*It is plus *that little extra something
some others haven't got*

BP Plus is constant in quality and performance. It has just that quantity of tetra-ethyl-lead* which experts know will give your car maximum efficiency on the road and it is obtainable everywhere.

A STRANGE HOMECOMING

A Short Story by HOWARD JONES

On the evening of Sunday last, March 6, after a storm lasting two days and a night, a small lifeboat, half filled with water and bearing the name S.S. *Campala*, was washed up on the beach of Kalugi, a minor island in the Solomon Group. In the boat were a man and a woman, both unconscious. From papers found in the man's pockets it seems certain they are the Rev. and Mrs. John Kendrick. Neither has sufficiently recovered to make a statement, but the Very Reverend Wm. Northcote, senior missionary to the islands, has stated that the Rev. John Kendrick had been appointed assistant missionary to Kalugi, where he was expected to arrive on or about April 10, from Brisbane. His strange and unexplained appearance in the water-logged lifeboat, coming after a period of prolonged drought, is hailed by the natives as a miracle, and is believed to have led to many new converts. Celebrations are taking place throughout the islands.—Extract from a report of His Majesty's Chief Commissioner for the Solomon Islands.

THE Reverend John Kendrick could not tell exactly how he came into that lifeboat.

Everything had happened with such catastrophic swiftness. One moment, and life had been an idyll; the next, a holocaust of shrieking steel and shouts in sheets of grey-foamed wetness.

He raised his eyes perplexedly from the bottom of the boat, and turned them into the darkness. They only saw a few square yards of water, grey by the boat's side, then merging into limitless black shadow. He tried to recollect exactly what had passed in this last half-hour.

He had been walking the deck of the *Campala*—yes, that was right—and Jill was there, clinging tightly to his arm, and gazing up to a sky that was gradually thickening with stars. He remembered, curiously, what his thoughts had been—the stars and her, new life and old. They understood, those two.

He turned his eyes again, this time towards the next seat of the boat. A vague white bundle was huddled there. "Jill!" he said softly; and as the bundle did not stir, there welled within him an agonising fear that it was not she. "Jill!" he cried, and at that she raised her head. In the half-light he could see her eyes—grey and large with fright. He stretched out his arms and pulled her against him on the seat, where she snuggled to his warmth like a tired child. . . . Presently, her head drooped to his shoulder, and his fingers felt the gentle rising and falling of her side in sleep.

Six months before, when he was twenty-four, he had come down from Oxford, new in knowledge and a great ambition. Life, he saw, was not so much a matter of adventure as of grave responsibilities. Had he wished, he could have taken any one of a half a dozen country curacies; but they were all too unsatisfying for his enthusiasms, all too insufficient for the purposes he set himself.

Thus it was he applied for a position on the foreign missionary staff. Luck was with him, and he was duly appointed assistant missionary to Kalugi, a small island in the Solomons. In the six months he was allowed before taking up his post he travelled; first, from London's greyness to the white and soulless immensities of New York, and thence by easy stages through the Middle West to the blue and gold of San Francisco. It was there he met Jill, the only daughter of James Hubbard, a British export agent.

John was not one given to undue sentiment; but Jill, with her softness and her child-like trust in the goodness of all things (and of himself in particular), had coloured life in a new and undreamed-of way. By some, his love might have been called infatuation, but he had too old a head on his young shoulders to mistake a passing fancy for the real thing. Jill had agreed to marriage as if the prospect of spending her life amongst semi-civilized savages was the greatest thing in all the world. Which for her—with John—it really was.

They honeymooned at Honolulu. Then she, feeling that too much of the world was sharing her new-found paradise, pleaded that they should continue the voyage to Brisbane by a steamer outside the ordinary passenger lines. From that port they were to make the final stage of their journey to their future home. Without much difficulty John booked berths on the *Campala*, an old cargo carrier, which was proceeding to Australia to pick up a consignment of tinned meats.

On the fifth night out from Hilo Harbour, this incredible thing had happened. Into the peace of the gathering night there came a long-drawn, high-pitched scream, as the rock of some uncharted reef tore through steel plating like paper. The vessel shivered in the foam of two impotent screws, rocked, then swiftly lifted itself clear and bent over to the seas. John, slithering on the deck with a badly frightened Jill, saw a lifeboat hanging from swinging davits, and in it a single, burly figure panting and tugging and swearing at the loosening ropes. He had pushed Jill forward, and with a violent rattling of davit wheels, the boat had fallen like a stone to the sea. He, too, must have fallen. In no other way could he account for his presence there with Jill—and that burly stranger.

Caught by a surface eddy, the boat was now some quarter of a mile from the reef. The stranger sat motionless in the stern, dimly outlined against the night. John broke the silence.

"Oughtn't we to return to pick up the others?"

There was a long pause, as though the stranger was thinking hard. He answered at last in a voice that was loud and strangely thick.

"Others? There ain't no others, nor oars neither. They all gone down with the tub. There's sharks in these waters, mister, cunning as wolves 'nd 'ungrier. Mebbe you'll see 'em following in the morning. They always do."

John's fingers tightened against Jill's side.

"What can we do?" he asked.

"Nothing. Just wait—till morning. Then we'll see. Reckon you're the parson, huh?"

"That's so," said John.

"And the gal?"

"My wife."

The stranger rose in the darkness, blotting out a distant star cluster. There was something immense and grotesque about his outline. He stumbled, and fell awkwardly to the next seat.

"Your wife," he said, and repeated the phrase three or four times in a tone that suggested mockery. "Well, now, Mr. Parson"—bending his body forward so that his face was within a yard of John's—"well, now, I'm Bill Sladden stoker—see? But I ain't stoker no longer. I'm captain—see?—captain of this boat. You gotta do what I say—see?"

He lumbered back to his original position, trailing the unmistakable stench of spirits. John stared out into the night, wondering fearfully for her who lay within his arm, wondering how it all might end. Soon the stranger's head fell sideways; a great square head set almost neckless on massive shoulders. The limitless glass pavement of the Pacific lapped softly against the boards. John's arm lengthened about Jill, his eyelids drooped, and presently he, too, was sleeping.

He awoke to the caress of sunlight on his forehead. Jill stirred, blinked confusedly, and raised her head.

"John," she asked, "where are we?"

He smiled back.

"I wish I knew."

"But dear. . . ." And then she caught Sladden's eyes; distilled blue eyes they were, set under a mop of wiry red hair. The eyes were fixed—but the mouth beneath them moved.

"I'll tell you where we are! In the middle of a perishin' ocean—just three of us." He produced an earthenware jar from beneath the seat. "See this"—holding it aloft—"that's water. Not a gallon of it, and been 'ere a year. Less 'an a gallon between three. Also, a dozen biscuits, mostly weevils." He pointed a finger vaguely before him. "There's land there somewhere. P'raps a 'undred miles, p'raps three 'undred. Gawd knows."

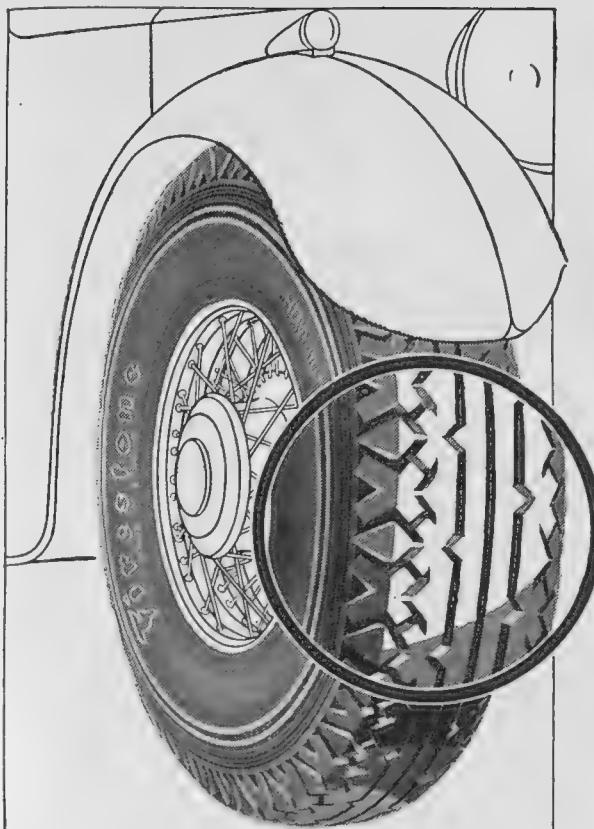
Jill, sitting bolt upright, answered with assurance: "I'm certain *something* will happen to help us."

Sladden grunted.

"And I'm just as certain," he said "that there's too many passengers in this boat."

John knew then that Sladden was more than a menace. He knew that Sladden might mean death or, for Jill, something worse. John's mouth tightened; yet when he spoke there was nothing of apprehension in his voice.

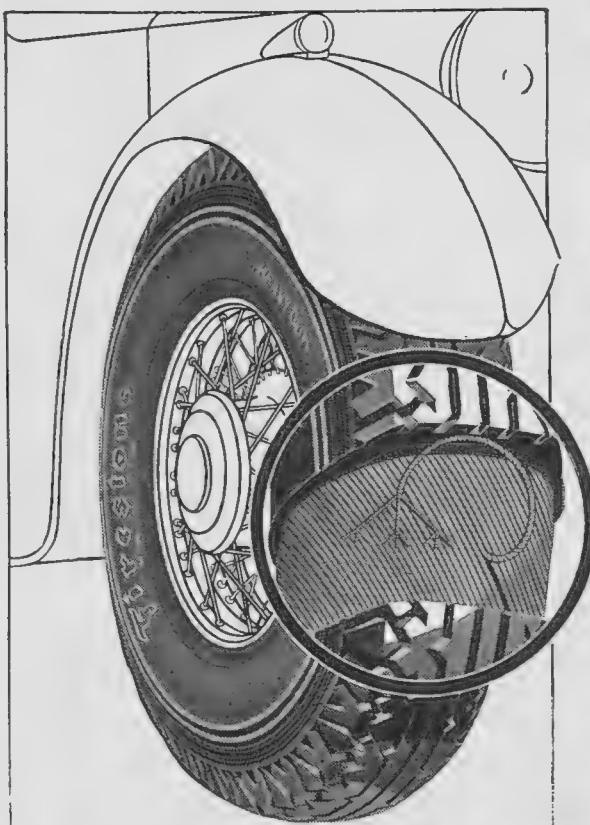
(Continued on p. xvii)



**Look at the tread—
that's for**

GREATER SAFETY

"Non-skid" is something more than a name in the Firestone tyre. Such a tough and massive tread! Such a deep-cut tread pattern—its many angles give you sure-footed road-grip fore and aft. What is more, they run well into the sidewall, giving the lateral grip that checks sideslip. In any position, on any surface, the Firestone tread sees to your safety.



**Inside there's the
gum-dipped cord—
that's for**

MORE MILEAGE

Internal strength is as vital as external. Hence the extra gum-dipping treatment which makes the carcass of a Firestone tyre just as sturdy as the extra-tough tread itself. Not only is every cord saturated but every fibre and every thread is soaked in liquid rubber—armoured against its special foes: chafing, friction and heat. That's one of the underlying secrets of Firestone's "Most Miles Per Shilling."

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MADE IN ENGLAND

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WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SHIELD: THE ENGLISH TEAM. In front—Miss Corlett, Miss Fishwick, Miss Morgan, Miss Gourlay, and Mrs. Gold; behind—Mrs. Clement, Miss Garnham, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Porter, Miss Rudgard, and Mrs. Garon

IF Wentworth was depressing, so that all the Jeremiahs of the nation sat down and wailed over the decline and fall of the British Empire so far as women's golf was concerned, Saunton at the moment of going to press bids fair to wipe out all black memories and set us up once more on a pedestal. The Home Internationals must be dismissed with a word. England won, with almost outrageous ease, 9 love from Wales and Ireland, 8 to 1 from the holders, Scotland, and that, of course, without the help of Miss Enid Wilson, who

EVE AT GOLF ◆ By ELEANOR E. HELME

Now Saunton may be shorter—thanks be—that some championship courses, but it is by no means so short as that sounds, and the difficulties are such—to describe the difficulties and dangers might perhaps sound exaggerated to those who do not know them. Those who do realize full well what 73 meant, 38 out and 35 home, and an utter perfection of short game. As if that were not enough for honour, Miss Orcutt added a 78 to her 73 on the second day, and so will go back to America the proud holder of the Fishwick bowl. Miss Enid Wilson made a most grand effort on the second day with her 75, refuting all charges that medal play is a soulless affair in which courage plays no part, but it was just not good enough to take her into first place. Madame Lacoste, whom all the championship thinks of and loves as Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, had a 75 on the first day, Miss Virginia van Wie a 77, Mrs. Cheney 78. If Mrs. Watson had not shared that figure, Great Britain would indeed have had a hopeless day. All very distressing.

But retribution was in waiting for the invaders on the Monday. By the end of it only three out of the seven Americans remained in and none of the French; by the end of Tuesday, when we go to press, only one American.

At a championship, when there is a goodly sprinkling of invaders, a special crown is awarded metaphorically to each home player who can put out one of them. On the first day Miss Jean Hamilton, the Surrey teamster, earned one of the chief crowns because she it was who beat Miss Maureen Orcutt 2 and 1. Really, we had heard so much of American putting, and its absolute impeccability, that it was positively refreshing

—our guests will take that as a compliment—to see that it could temporarily break down just as much as our own. It was Miss Orcutt who missed the counting putts, Miss Hamilton who holed them. Mrs. J. B. Watson beat Mrs. Higbie, the Irish ex-champion; Mrs. Todd accounted for Mrs. O. S. Hill, and Miss Doris Park earned another dazzling crown by her memorable victory over the American champion, Miss Helen Hicks. These were the American slayers of Monday, while the French invading forces owed their defeats to Mrs. Raymond Cooper, Miss Pim, and Mrs. J. B. Walker. Mrs. Walker, indeed, produced the most wonderful short game against Madame Lacoste.

Miss van Wie, however, cheered up American supporters by sailing through the first day against Miss McCulloch, just as Mrs. Vare did against Mrs. Coats, and Mrs. Cheney had



THE IRISH TEAM WHICH BEAT SCOTLAND AND WALES. Included are Miss Pentony, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Mrs. Todd, Miss Blake, Miss Pim, Miss Fitzgibbon, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Ellis, and Miss Sherlock



THE SCOTTISH TEAM. Including Mrs. Holm, Miss Park, Miss McCulloch, Mrs. Watson, Miss Montgomery, Miss Coats, Miss Baird, Miss Lamb, and Mrs. Williamson

is of the opinion that she can best tune up for the business of putting out Americans in the championship without that hardening process of Internationals which lesser beings find so stimulating a tonic.

Over the qualifying rounds, too, one might be tempted to draw veils, since the world at large is beginning to look on them as an unnecessary infliction of the evil one which could be dispensed with if some drastic handicap limits were imposed on entrants. But justice to visitors and sheer unstinted admiration of them, too, means that Miss Maureen Orcutt's wonderful performance must be talked about. On the first day she headed the list with 73.

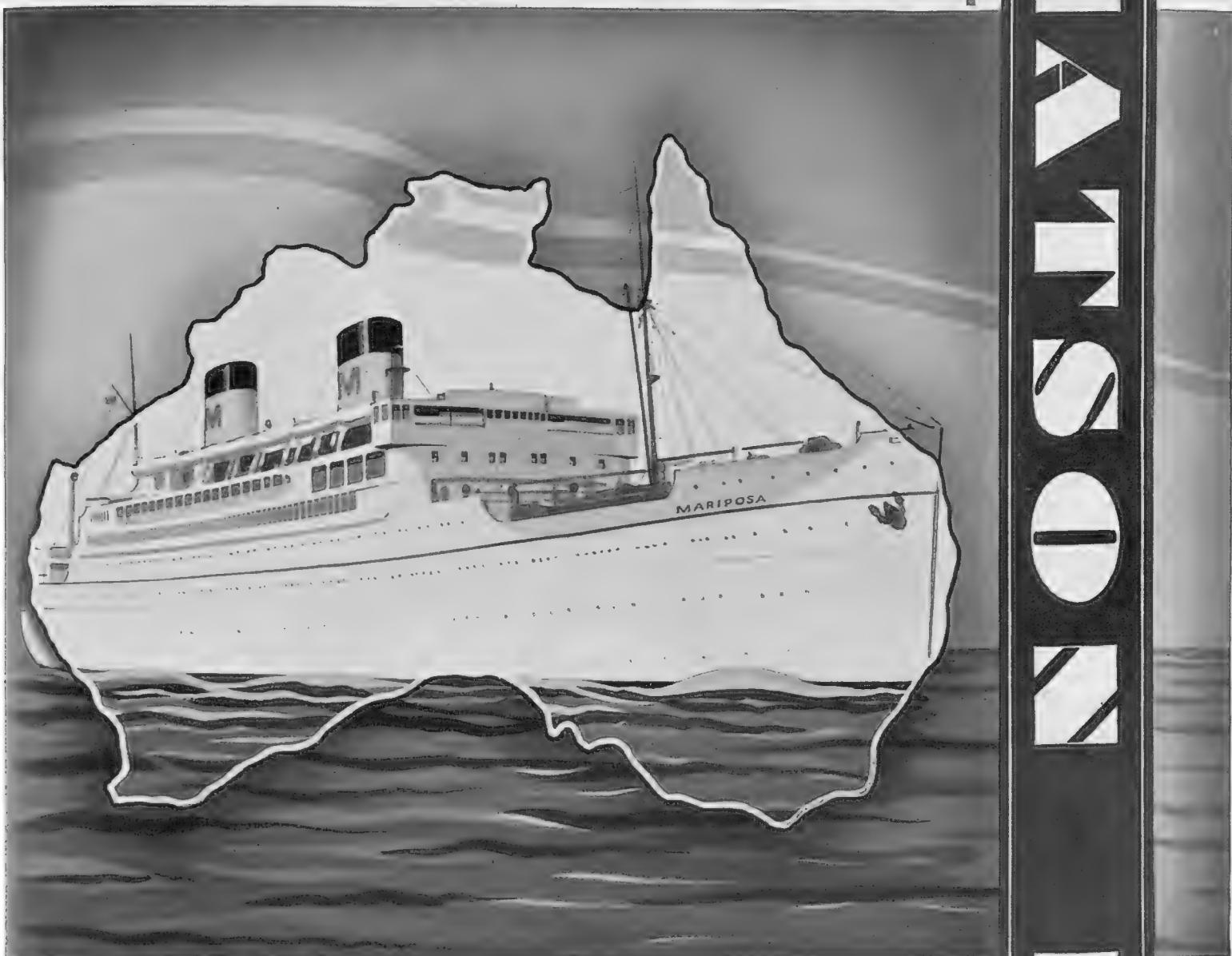


THE WELSH TEAM, including Miss Rieben, Miss Pyman, Mrs. Rieben, Miss Justice, Miss Jeffreys, Mrs. Smalley, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Gear-Evans, and Mrs. Jones

Next day she avenged Miss Orcutt by beating Miss Hamilton and Miss Hicks by beating Miss Doris Park; though the latter hung on to her gamely to the very last green. But Miss van Wie met her fate at the hands of Miss Susie Tolhurst, the Australian champion. It was putting that did it again, a breakdown on the part of

(Continued on p. vi)

28 days to SYDNEY.



25 days to AUCKLAND.

The Route—a swift crossing of the Atlantic in a liner of your own choosing . . . the life of a continent swiftly glimpsed from the window of an American train . . . then the romance of the Pacific—San Francisco—Los Angeles—Honolulu—Pago Pago—Fiji—New Zealand . . . the journey—shortest in time—richest in memories.

The Ship—across the Pacific in the newly-built Matson liners, cunningly devised for viewing the tropics in comfort, immensely speedy, and possessed of every modern device for your bodily comfort and amusement.

- QUICKEST WAY
- SHORTEST SEA ROUTE
- MOST INTERESTING JOURNEY

The people to see about it—any accredited travel agent, Thomas Cook & Son, Ltd., Dean & Dawson, American Express, or the General European Agents of the Matson Line PICKFORDS TRAVEL SERVICE, 206, High Holborn, W.C., or any of their 100 branches, who will arrange it with the minimum of trouble. Stop-over privileges at any point (why not fit in a visit to the Olympic Games?)

the highway of fashion



by M.E. Brooke

IT was at H. J. Nicoll's, 120, Regent Street, W.1, party that these altogether charming summer altogether made their début. On the right at the top of the page is a sun suit; it consists of white stockinette trousers (shorts may be substituted if preferred) and a silk handkerchief knotted at the back. The suit on the extreme left has a sleeveless white bolero outlined with navy blue to match the trousers. The suit next to it is composed of a multi-coloured striped jersey, plain trousers, and a multi-coloured striped jersey, plain trousers, and a crochet jumper, a skirt with the modish high-waisted effect, and cap. Necklaces made of twine, which in the distance were suggested shown in horsehair, were

THE coral and green scarf is an integral part of the frock on the left, the skirt being of shantung, and the cost, well, it is merely 6½ guineas

PICTURES BY BLAKE

MODELS, H. J. NICOLL



Miss Can | Miss Can't



What a time that pretty Miss Can does have of it! First she wins the tennis tournament. Then she gets the chief part in the Amateur Dramatics. And now she's engaged—and to a man with a Bentley. Really it's a wonder it doesn't turn her head! But Miss Can is too sensible. She takes Eno every morning, does our Miss Can. That's why she *is* so bright-eyed and vivacious and popular. She knows how much it's worth to her to keep herself clean inside.



And there—if that isn't poor Miss Can't sitting out alone again. It does seem hard! Of course, it's true Miss Can't is a wonderful shot at croquet, and she's got the *sweetest* nature. But—well, Miss Can't is only human, and she does sigh a little sometimes, and wonder. And yet, she'd be *so* bright and pretty if she'd only realise this: congested foodways poison the blood, bring muddy skin, lifeless hair and low vitality. Won't *someone* tell Miss Can't about Eno?

A clean inside is the only foundation of outward sparkle and beauty. To ensure that inner cleanliness is Eno's one purpose. And from the very moment you drink it, you know that Eno will succeed. Will do for your inner self what pure soap and fresh water do for your outward self. Will cleanse and sweeten and refresh your whole system—safely, surely, positively. Need you be like Miss Can't? Of course not.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

from top to toe

ARISTOC stockings are silk and made in England; they never lose their contour no matter how often they are worn or washed. They are beautifully shaped, and as a consequence they caress the ankles and have a slenderising effect on the legs. Furthermore, it is well-nigh impossible for them to wrinkle; they are from 4s. 11d. to 12s. 6d., and are sold practically everywhere.

DUBOIL designs are original; there are handkerchiefs and scarves all made of pure silk crêpe de chine; two of the newest affairs are portrayed on the right of this page. And the colour schemes, it is absolutely impossible to do justice to them in words; some of the shades are subtly blended while others are studies in contrast; nonetheless there is never a jarring note; harmony prevails. There are many shapes



CERTAIN definite things have happened in the millinery world and are reflected in this open-work straw Reslaw hat, which is scheduled to appear at the fashionable races and other notable functions.

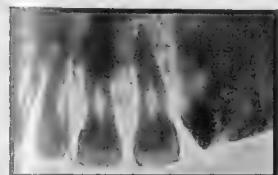


**In the dentist's
WAITING ROOM**

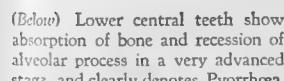
IS IT *YOUR* TURN NEXT?



See what the
X-rays revealed!



(Above) Upper central teeth show absorption of bone around the roots, which clearly denotes a state of Pyorrhœa.



(Below) Lower central teeth show absorption of bone and recession of alveolar process in a very advanced stage, and clearly denotes Pyorrhœa.



X-ray photographs by
Edward Nichols, M.S.R.

ADULT extractions are largely due to Pyorrhœa—dread disease of civilisation—partially the penalty of our modern diet that is lacking in tissue building, cleansing and gum stimulating foods.

Often, extractions would be avoided if the presence of Pyorrhœa were discovered earlier. Long before tender, bleeding gums and loose teeth give evidence of advanced infection, the dentist, guided by X-ray photographs, can determine the existence of this unpleasant disease that is contracted by four out of five people over forty. Single handed Forhan's for the Gums will not cure Pyorrhœa in

its advanced stage. Only a dentist can arrest the disease then. But Forhan's, in addition to being a safe, fine cleanser of the teeth and gums, contains those elements necessary to prevent Pyorrhœa and to check its spread in the earlier stages. Why risk health and looks when so simple a precaution is to be found at Chemists everywhere?

Forhan's

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Distributors:

THOS. CHRISTY & CO. OLD SWAN LANE,



E.C. 4.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

All who are planning their wardrobes for the country must visit Aquascutum's, 100, Regent Street, W.1. They are responsible for the models portrayed on this page. The featherweight raincoat on the left weighs 24 ounces, and although it is made of a double texture fabric, it is merely three guineas. The cap-béret, accompanied by a scarf, is 6s. 6d.; it is made of stockinette tweed and is companioned with a Scotch hand-woven wool scarf which in many colours is fifteen shillings and sixpence

The Aquascutum collection contains many tweed coats and skirts of the type of the suit seen in the centre of this page, some showing the gun club check, which is decidedly smart and unobtrusive. The Chesham coat on the right has a military aspect; the collar is adjustable, and there is a half belt and patch pockets; the price, well, it is eight guineas. It looks extremely well in a variety of materials, patterns of which will very gladly be sent on application



Ell
&
Fulton.

Largest Shoe Shop in the World

Some more beautiful shoes ~ chosen
from the most extensive selection of new
styles in London.



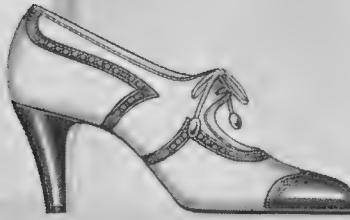
84×253
In Black or Tan Calf
with White Buck. London
Hand Made on the new
French Last. 45/6



84×257
In White Buck with
Patent or Tan Willow.
London Hand Made on
new French Last.
45/6



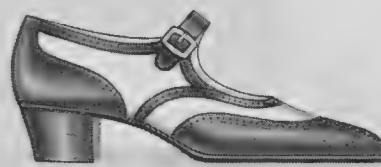
73×19
In White Unlined
Washable Calf with
Sunshine Punching.
British Made.
39/6



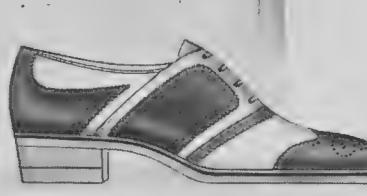
84×255
In White Buck & Patent.
Spanish Heel. London
Hand-made on the
new French last. Also
Tan & White. 45/6



84×271
White Buck and Black
Calf One Bar. Welted
Sole. British Made.
39/6



84×87
Tan Willow & White Buck.
3 & 4 fittings. Also with
Military heel. British
Made 29/6



84×190
Dark Tan Willow & White
Calf. 94% Rubber Sole
& Heel. Also Black and
White. 29/6

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Pretty Clothes in Washing Cottons from the Children's Floor

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Air Eddies—continued from p. 440

of the flight aerobatics of No. 1 Squadron—a particularly fine performance; of Mr. George Lowdell's tarmac landings in a Moth; of Mr. Thorn's blind flying display—the first thing of its kind seen in this country I believe; and of the distinguished visitors, of whom there were many. They included Miss Amelia Earhart, Captain Codos and M. Robida, Miss Amy Johnson and Mr. Mollison. Captain Codos came in one of the Breguet Service machines. Wing-Commander Orlebar and Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth were also there.

A happy inspiration was the presentation of cigarette cases to the pilots who took part. Mrs. Shelmerdine made the presentation. Altogether the Guild, with Mr. R. C. Preston and Captain Davis and his staff, are to be congratulated upon a meeting which would have been one of the pleasantest imaginable but for the rain.

Bristol and Others.

By the time these notes appear the pageant at Bristol will have been held, but I shall hope to deal with it in a future issue. Thereafter on June 25, there is the R.A.F. display for which tremendous efforts are being made this year, so that a programme which shall eclipse even those of previous years shall be provided. Wing evolutions by three Hart Rolls-Royce squadrons and by three London Auxiliary Air Force squadrons will be included, and I hear rumours of some amusing new items which it would be a pity at this early stage to say too much about. But it will be worth while for everyone to keep June 25 clear.

The flight and squadron aerobatics will be provided by No. 43 Squadron, which is commanded by Squadron-Leader R. H. Hanmer, and is equipped with Hawker Furies. It is stationed at Tangmere, where No. 1, which gave the display at Brooklands also in Furies, is stationed. Squadron-Leader Spackman commands No. 1 Squadron.



MISS AUDREY LLEWELLYN

One of this season's débutantes and the daughter of Brigadier-General E. H. Llewellyn of Nettway House, Kingswear. Miss Llewellyn is one of this year's new presentations

Speight

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 446

Miss van Wie, inspired holing out, without a shadow of doubt or hesitation, on the part of Miss Tolhurst. The match went to the 19th, the issue in doubt all the way, and one fancies that five times out of six it would be reversed, but Miss Tolhurst had her chance and took it. Nobody can do more than that. Mrs. Clarke, from Hampshire, put her out that afternoon, but only by getting round in 78 and then only on the last green. In the afternoon Mrs. Vare—Miss Glenna Collett we still call her—went out to Miss Enid Wilson, playing almost perfect golf. And again it was the putting that did it, for Miss Wilson was holing them from all over the place, Mrs. Vare failing at them. There was extra length, too, to help Miss Wilson on her way, but it was the putts that did it. Of the various other surprises space gives no chance to tell—Miss Diana Fishwick beaten at the 19th by Miss Tolhurst, Miss Gourlay there by Miss Garnham. Nor can one tell of the gallant reappearance of Mrs. Allan Macbeth nor how she beat Mrs. J. B. Walker, nor sing the praises of Saunton. All that must wait. But it can be said with truth and brevity that it is a delicious spot.

The Noble Arts Ball in aid of the Paddington branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Society has been postponed from June 7 to June 28, when it will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W. 1.

ADAIR—PRE-EMINENT AND BRITISH



HERE IS THE SECRET to Youthful Beauty

The popularity of the Adair Beauty Treatments and Preparations is due to no mere accident.

Constant research in the realm of Beauty Culture has produced these unfailing and supreme aids to lovely womanhood.

Eleanor Adair claims that no woman need lose the charm of youth in spite of advancing years, ill-health or changing climate.

10/6, 15/6, 21/6

At the Adair Salon.

TREATMENT FOR TIRED LINED EYES

Soothing massage, rare herbs from the East, and a special toning lotion applied by a new process, all play their part in this wonderful treatment, which is magical in effect.

STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT

Double chins and sagging cheeks are banished by this treatment, giving place to the firm healthy contours of graceful youth.

Electrolysis, under the skilful care of the Adair assistants, kills superfluous hair at the roots and removes moles, warts, purl spots and red broken veins without leaving a mark.

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EASTERN MUSCLE OIL.

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

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GANESH LILY LOTION.

It is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it soft and fair; it is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder.

4/6, 6/6, 8/6

GANESH FACE POWDER.

A superfine powder in all shades. 2/- to 12/6 per box.

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For thoroughly cleansing the skin. Invaluable for motoring or when travelling.

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CAP and SCARF Set
—extremely smart.
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Marrying Abroad.

At the end of this month, Mr. Geoffrey Marks, the son of the Hon. Henry Marks and Mrs. Marks of Suva, Fiji Islands, is marrying Miss Beatrice Terry the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Terry, and the wedding is to be in New York; Mr. William Wares Georgeson, M.A., B.A. (Oxon), Indian Civil Service, Chatrapur, and Miss Aileen Connon are being married some time in August in Madras; on July 23, Mr. Reginald Hill, M.A., I.C.S., S.D.O., Basim, and Miss St. Barbe McNeil Smith, are being married at Amraoti, Berar, India; and in October there is the marriage between Mr. William Brandreth Fiddian-Green, M.A., B.M., B.Ch. (Oxon), of Matatiele, E. Griqualand, and Miss Isobel Alys Faichnie, M.B., Ch.B. (Cape Town), of Sesheke, Barotseland, which will take place in Rhodesia.

* * *

On June 30, Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Pilcher, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, is being married to Miss Diana Lawrence at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks; Mr. A. E. Hughes, M.C., of 61A, Petty France, Westminster, and Miss Rose Perry are getting



MISS HELEN AMORY

Who is to marry the Hon. William Ralph Seymour Bathurst, the second son of the Earl and Countess of Bathurst of Cirencester Park, Cirencester. She is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and the late Mrs. Harry Heathcoat Amory of Hele Manor, Dulverton, Somerset.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

married on the 18th at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; the 22nd is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Charles Butler and Miss Johanna Jackson, which is to be at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington.



THE HON. CECILIA CAVENDISH

The daughter of Lord Waterpark, and the late Mrs. Frank Curzon (known to the playgoing public as Miss Isabel Jay), who is to marry Captain M. L. Pearse, M.C., Royal Engineers, the son of Lieut.-Colonel N. L. Pearse and Mrs. Lindsay of The Garth, Roedean



MRS. JOHN E. RUFFER

Whose marriage took place on June 3 to Mr. John E. Ruffer, the only son of the late Mr. A. A. Ruffer and Mrs. Leslie Greer. She was formerly Miss Margot Ulrik, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Ulrik, and is the youngest practising woman architect in England.

Captain A. W. H. Sime, D.S.O., M.C., 3rd Batt., the Baluch Regiment (Queen Mary's Own), Indian Army, the elder son of the late Mr. Archibald Sime and of Mrs. Sime of Shawlands, Glasgow, and Miss Joyce Ena Grundy, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grundy of Chislehurst, Kent; Mr. Christopher Foyle Fawcett, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Foyle Fawcett of Manor House, Somerford Keynes, Cirencester, and Miss Mary Evelyn Fetherstonhaugh, the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. St. L. Fetherstonhaugh of Upcot Latton, Cricklade, Wilts.

Some Recent Engagements.

Commander Gerald H. Warner, R.N., D.S.C., the second son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Warner of Bassett, Hildenborough, Kent, and Miss Vere Chamberlain, the only child of Mrs. Chamberlain of 73, Eaton Terrace, S.W.; Captain J. H. G. Wills, Royal Marines, the elder son of Mr. Charles G. Wills and Mrs. Wills of Hieholme, Babbacombe, Torquay, and Miss Moira Stokes, the youngest daughter of Mrs. H. Stokes of Agden, Tavistock; Mr. Wyndham Sim Murray, the second son of the late Surgeon-General W. Sim Murray and Mrs. Ewart of 17, St. James Terrace, Winchester;

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMBINATION FOR PERFECT SLEEP



The "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress and the "Vibase" Mattress Support

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You go to bed to rest, to give mind and body the relaxation so necessary to the maintenance of good health. The amount of benefit derived from your night's rest is largely a question of the mattress. An article which so greatly influences our general well-being should, therefore, be bought with a critical regard for quality. The quality of the "Vi-Spring"—the original pocketed Spring Overlay Mattress—is world-renowned. For over thirty years this famous mattress has set a standard of bed comfort that has never been equalled. It is a hand-made product throughout, produced by skilled operatives, each trained to appreciate the technical importance of their particular feature, to complete a perfect whole. Careful supervision of every operation in manufacture places the "Vi-Spring" in a class by itself, unequalled for luxurious comfort and reliable service. Place the "Vi-Spring" on the Vibase Mattress Support and you have the world's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The 'VIBASE' MATTRESS SUPPORT

is well upholstered, yet sells at practically the same price as the best un-upholstered supports. It is covered in any of the handsome ticks to match the "Vi-Spring," and in appearance and durability is equal to the best supports of the box-spring type. Sold by all reliable house furnishers. Ask to see this luxurious combination.

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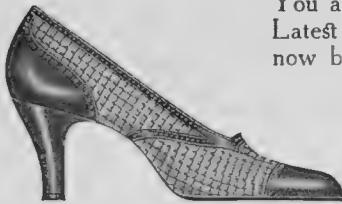
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Latest Exclusive Models
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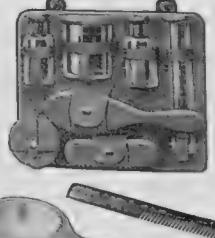
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Unique Table Set
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Neppis, with exquisitely
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The "Kennel Gazette" for May is full of interest; the registration statistics always repay study. There were 4,200 dogs registered in April, ranging from wire-haired terriers with 561 and cockers with 460 to Manchester terriers 2 and Saluki 1. Fourteen dogs became champions, including Mrs. Crawford's Dandie Ch., Kirkside Jessica, Mrs. Romilly's French bull dog Ch. Jasper of Taplow, and Miss Graham Weall's poodle Ch. Nymphaea Swift. One thing that comes out is the preponderance of the sporting breeds; in the first four months of the year there were 10,564 registrations in the sporting breeds against 4,351 non-sporting, 30 any other variety, and 1 cross-bred, sporting breeds include the ever-popular terriers. One wonders in reading these figures what becomes of all these dogs. Only a very small proportion attain to the Show bench, and another small proportion go as companions, but one hardly ever sees a well-bred dog running about our towns and villages; they are almost always, to put it politely, doubtful.



DANDIES
The property of Mrs. Carlyle

a delightful elderly lady in Shinnel Plaid; she also has turned silver. A cairn seems to retain his faculties and activity in extreme old age, and does not get fat and lethargic.

* * *

The dandie dinmont has made an extraordinary return to favour of late years. He has had good sensible friends who knew what was best for him, and now he is seen everywhere—always a sign of popularity. He is a most attractive dog with his earnest melting eyes and his game, sporting disposition. Mrs. Carlyle sends a picture of some of

her dandies; she has two dog pups for sale—one pepper and one mustard. Mrs. Carlyle makes companions of all her dogs, which makes them easier to train.

* * *

The ever-popular cocker still maintains his place of almost always the biggest entries at shows. Indeed, to tackle cocker-judging, with all the many classes and colours, must take some doing. Mrs. Jamieson Higgens is one of the most popular judges of cockers, and faces enormous entries and multitudes of classes with unruffled calm. She also is the owner of one of the most successful kennels of cockers now being exhibited, and it is of interest to see a head-study of one of her best bitches. Falconer Cowslip is the winner of thirteen champion certificates, which in cockers means a good deal. She is also most successful as a parent, as she is the mother of many prizewinners—one litter contained three certificate winners; Cowslip is a lovely dog of true cocker type.

* * *

Miss Desborough has now moved to her new premises at High Beech, Loughton, Essex. It is very convenient as, though quite in the country, it is only twelve miles from London, and there are frequent trains and coaches. She has plenty of room for dogs, and will be delighted to show the place to anyone who comes down.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FALCONER COWSLIP
The property of Mrs. Jamieson Higgens



LOCKBUIE ARGENT
The property of Mrs. Dixon

Jacob's Water Biscuits have the real nutty flavour~

the most delicious thing that ever happened

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream. You can get Jacob's at your own grocer's—High-Baked or ordinary. In Airtight $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cartons and in tins of various sizes.



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Photo by Scatoni

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Just try them on! They look three guineas apiece, but you can actually get three for about that figure.

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 438

To hark back to those *Tourmaline* days when *Bacchante*, *Inconstant*, *Carysfort*, and *Cleopatra* were the other ships in the Detached Squadron going west via Madeira, Monte Video, etc., the Admiral does not mention something of which I am sure he must have heard, the alarming rumour that some wicked members of *Bacchante's* gun-room mess had tattooed the broad arrow on the noses of the Royal midshipmen! I am certain that the Royal survivor of that mess will recall it with amusement. This was in 1880, and the Detached Squadron had a terrible bucketing on the voyage down to Australia. Sir Hamnet Share says: "The following seas were magnificent, the ships in the trough looking like cockle-shells—once we saw the inside of the *Carysfort's* funnel as she rolled towards us. We held on to anything near and watched the waves following and overtaking the ship, each billow a huge dark-green mountain coming as if to engulf us." These were not big ships, be it remembered, and they were under sail as much as possible (the screws being hoisted) to economize coal—and the anxiety of the voyage was much increased by the discovery that the *Bacchante* was missing and their getting no news of her for a week. She had had to put in to Albany, Western Australia, with a broken rudder-head. On another cruise Sir Hamnet Share was in one of two small ships detached to catch the slavers up the Gulf—and en route to the scene of action they went into Trincomalee, that beautiful land-locked harbour in Ceylon where the sea is full of sharks and there used to be a wired-in bathing place—I remember it well. When sleeping ashore one night on Sober Island, where Admiralty House is, a sub-lieutenant "who (I quote) had his bed under one of the open windows,

felt a weight on his chest and, to his horror, in the moonlight saw a large snake sliding over his body; he was almost paralysed with fear and did not move till the snake had landed on the floor and was curled up in a corner. He then roused everybody and the snake, a boa constrictor, was despatched." It was probably a python—not poisonous but very unpleasant if roused to attack if of any size. The most uncomfortable adventure of which I know personally is a cobra in an ill-lighted Indian bath-room when a chap was having a dip before dressing for dinner. Sir Hamnet Share's book is full of little thrillers like this and he is to be congratulated upon a good success.

* * * *

The National Council to Prevent the Export of Horses for Butchery has sent me a pamphlet dealing with what goes on at the abattoirs on the Continent, and conditions have not, I fear, been much ameliorated, even though the R.S.P.C.A. has supplied Vaurigard and other places also, as I understand, with humane killers. The R.S.P.C.A. I feel sure believe that everything now is as it should be, and that the "old methods" have ceased. I have every reason to think otherwise, and in this pamphlet there is incontestable evidence that things are just about the same as they used to be. How in this country we who have no control of happenings in other countries are going to prevent this, or what happens to the unfortunate horses shipped from Canada, the Argentine, Italy, and elsewhere is a problem which defeats us, and though I and everyone else who loves a horse would do anything possible, it seems to me that we are up against a pretty solid brick wall, and that all that can be done is to keep on directing attention to the really bestial cruelty in the hope that it may induce some amelioration in the conditions. At present protest seems to have no effect.



THE HON. LADY WILSON, LORD LOVAT, AND THE MASTER OF LOVAT

At a recent race meeting. The Hon. Lady Wilson is a daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale and the wife of Sir Mathew Wilson, the well-known owner. Lord Lovat's heir will come of age in July



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"HOW do you keep it up?" friends are always asking, when complimenting me on my 'tireless energy.' To others it is surprising that, after strenuous work at the theatre, I can rise with the lark and enjoy active outdoor sports such as horse-riding and golf. I am quite sure that my stock of unabated vitality is due to my consistent use of Phosferine. It keeps me feeling so fresh and vigorous that I am always ready for the usual extra nerve-racking stage-work, and can go 'all out' in the most keenly contested game, and finish without being tired. When I was thrown from my horse, which bolted in fright and stumbled, my very rapid recovery from the shock of this serious accident was entirely owing to the condition of fine fitness established by Phosferine. It assures wholesome rest for the nerves, and resulting good digestion, which is the best and natural way to ensure a good appearance."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

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Tablets and Liquid.



The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the Public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

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Neither in your club nor your drawing room is greater comfort or greater elegance possible. As for the view, where is there such a view as you get from the deep windows of the Royal Scot with all the hills of Scotland turning first one side then another for you to admire? And now the Royal Scot is to go faster.

Euston to Glasgow in 7 hours 50 minutes instead of 8 hours 15 minutes.

After July, when the Royal Scot goes right through to Glasgow non-stop, the time will be shorter still.

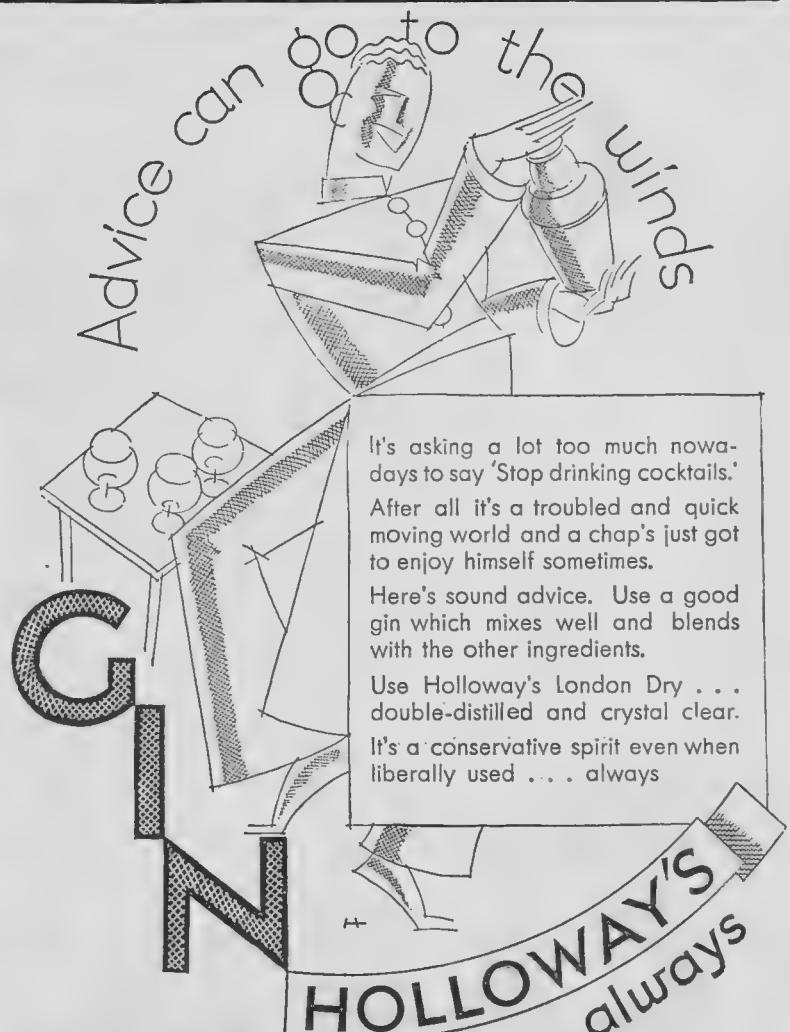
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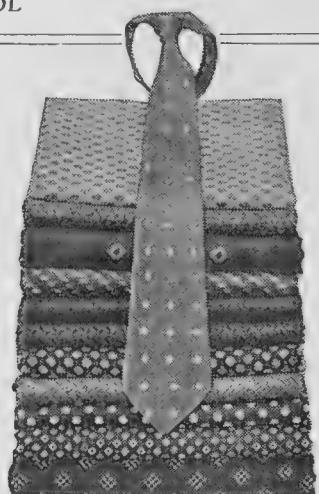
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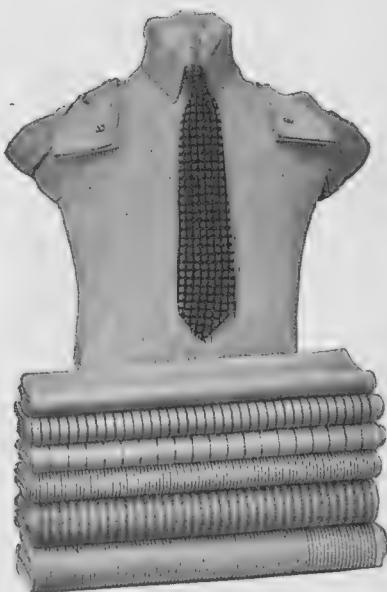
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THERE IS MUCH SAID IN THESE DAYS ABOUT EXORBITANT PRICES. SUCH COMMENT DOES NOT APPLY TO GIEVES, WHERE MEN CAN BUY THEIR REQUIREMENTS KNOWING THEM TO BE BRITISH, OF THE FINEST QUALITY AND IN BEST TASTE, AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Polo Notes—continued from p. 420

upholding it pretty well. Some of the Indian performances of these two British cavalry regiments were referred to in last week's notes, and a preliminary all-round-my-hat cast adventured about this year's Inter-Regimental, for which, incidentally, there is an excellent entry.

I have always believed that if the War had not intervened America might not have got that Cup back quite so soon, for what a good vintage we had in 1914! Leslie Cheape, "Rattle" Barrett, Noel Edwards, the Grenfells, V. N. Lockett, the quite fearless "Mouse" Tomkinson, and there were also all those 10th Hussar people, Pick Annesley, W. L. Palmes, Pedlar Palmer, and the 2nd R.B. were still full of running: Sparrow Scott, Admiral Railston, Jacko Harrison, and Archie Tod. There was also that 9th Lancer, who was then Lord Rocksavage and who is now Lord Cholmondeley, and someone else who will always be Jack Wodehouse to most people in spite of his being the present Earl of Kimberley, and greatest, perhaps, of them all, that wonderful preceptor, Mr. Walter Buckmaster. Both Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Kimberley were of his famous Old Cantabs, and so was Sir Frederick Freke, and I am not quite sure but I think General Sadleir-Jackson played for them on occasion. Anyway, he was co-author with Mr. Walter Buckmaster of "Hints on Polo Combination"—a capital book—and believed, like his collaborator, that if you knew how to play soccer you were something like half way towards understanding how to play polo. General Sadleir-Jackson's death added yet another

to the lengthening list of good men of a great epoch in British polo history; and though he and others of his time have ceased to go into the fighting line what a fine war staff they were—and still are if mobilized next time we have got to go overseas to fight the U.S.A. And we are going again all right, and the sooner what Mr. Baldwin so aptly calls this "wave of hysteria" is dealt with as it deserves, the sooner that will be.

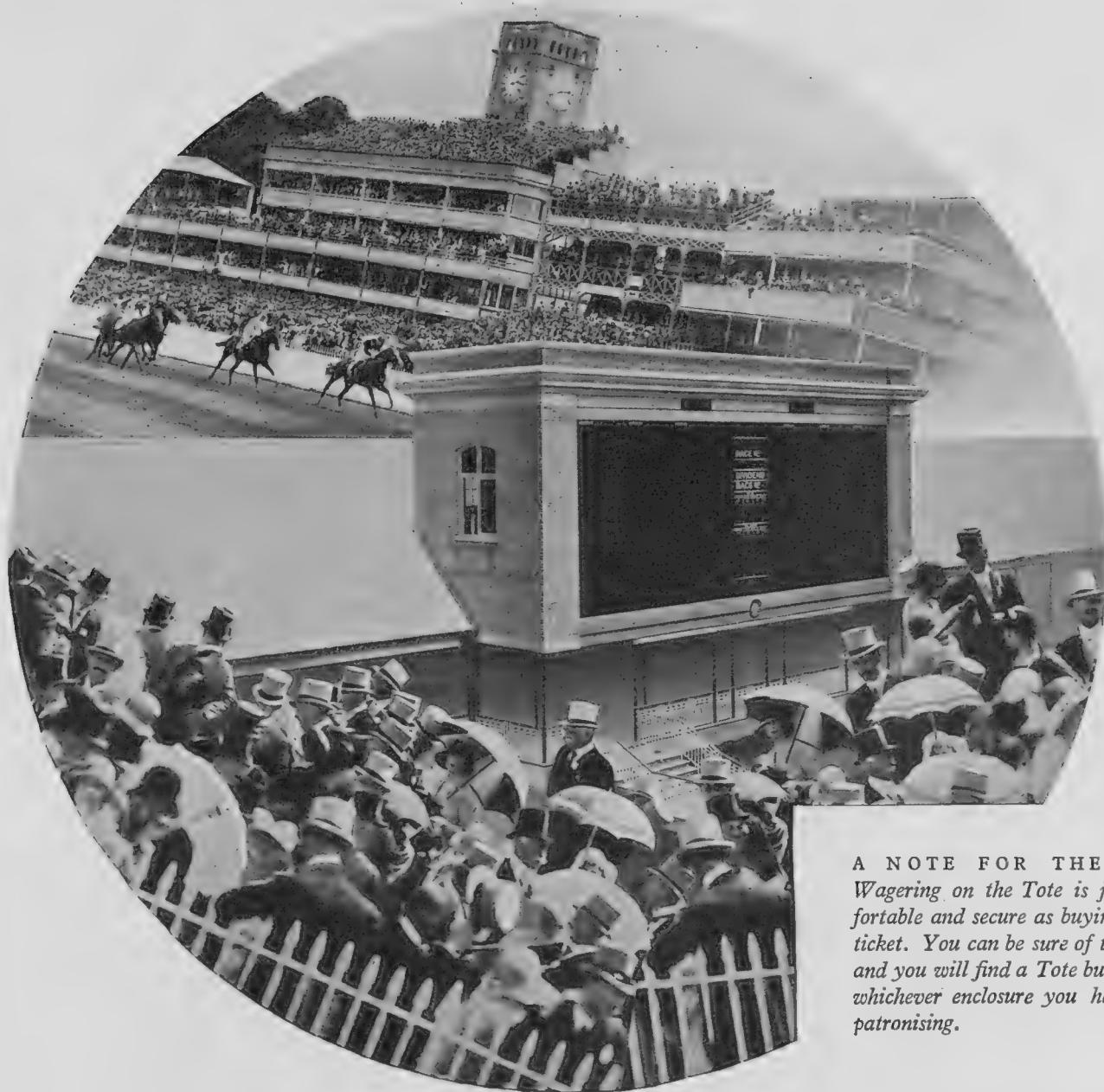


Howard Barrett
AT THE SOUTH NOTTS PUPPY SHOW:
MR. AND MRS. SHEPHERD

Mr. Shepherd is the new Joint Master of the South Notts in succession to Mrs. Owen Taylor, and joins Major Filmer Sankey, who hunts hounds himself

the public, and a further letter about "hired assassins." As to the Hurlingham matter I am only able to reiterate that the one and only reason is expense. Whether any agencies like Hay's, Keith Prowse, etc., would be ready to run it as a business proposition I do not know. If they are why not put up a scheme to Hurlingham? I am all for having a big audience myself, and Hurlingham, I happen to know, is all for it also, and for doing anything that will popularize one of the most spectacular games in the world and the fastest ball game bar ice-hockey, if you can call that a "ball" game; but times are rather exceptional, and in the past takings from the public gate have not covered expenses—police, R.A.C. men, extra staff, refreshments, bands, etc. Now, as everyone knows, times are difficult, even if only temporarily so. One of many letters I have had is from a lady enthusiast, who puts forward a suggestion and makes what I think is a sporting offer, namely to run a part of the clerical side off her own bat. I understand the lady has made her offer direct to Hurlingham, and I feel sure that her suggestion will be given the most careful consideration, and that if there is a way out it will be adopted. I think a decision that would be most popular and which seems feasible is to open the doors on the days of the Inter-Regimental and Championship semi-final and finals. There is also, so I believe, an alternative plan under consideration, the issue of books of tickets for the season.

ASCOT



A NOTE FOR THE LADIES

Wagering on the Tote is just as comfortable and secure as buying a railway ticket. You can be sure of the full odds, and you will find a Tote building handy whichever enclosure you happen to be patronising.

£227,711 4s. od. was invested on the Tote at Ascot last year—a record for an English racecourse. Quiet, efficient, civil and absolutely fair, the Tote achieved an outstanding

success. Help to beat last year's figures! Remember the Tote pays the full correct odds and there is no dispute as to the amount won.

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TO T A L I S A T O R

OPERATED BY THE STAFF OF THE RACECOURSE BETTING CONTROL BOARD

(Established under the Racecourse Betting Act, 1928)

A Strange Homecoming—cont. from p. 444

"We'll get through all right. There's a sail here beneath the seat—can the wind take us?"

"Gawd knows," said Sladden, his eyes still on Jill. "Mebbe there's no 'arm done."

Between them they fixed the sail in position. But there was no wind; only little puffs of air which drove the boat an occasional few yards and brought a sound like tinkling glass from the water at the bows. And for long periods the sail would droop and flap and die against the mast, until another puff could bring to it fresh life.

By mid-day the sun had climbed and was beating down with the fury of a furnace. The lines of the horizons grew vague and were gradually absorbed into distant mist. In the open boat there was no shelter, for the sun was almost perpendicular and the shadow of the sail was naught but the thinnest of dark slits across the midship's planking. Sladden had drooped in his seat, a red knotted handkerchief covering his head and eyes. As the heat grew fiercer John fastened his jacket across the two bow seats, making a sort of awning. Jill, with a face of damp chalk, stretched herself beneath it. She said, as John bent over her:

"John—I want some water."

He nodded reassuringly.

"Yes—I'll get some."

Sladden had slipped still farther down the boat, so that now his head was resting sideways on the seat. At the sound of John's voice, he opened his eyes one at a time.

"Huh?"

"My wife needs water," repeated John.

"Then tell her," said Sladden with throaty deliberation, "she can't have it."

"Give me the water jar," said John, and his voice was steady.

Sladden rose at that, slowly, as though playing for time to think. When at last he was upright, there was an ugly bulge in his lower lip.

"See 'ere, Mr. Cocky Parson, I'm captain. You do as I say, see? The gal wants water, huh? Well, there's plenty over the side. She can 'ave it all." His mouth moved into a grin. "Yeah, and she can 'ave the sharks with it; they're following, cunning cusses!" He tapped

the jar between his feet with the heel of his boot. "This 'ere's mine, see? And what's in it's mine, too—all belongs to me, the captain—see?"

"Don't be a fool, Sladden," said John, and himself did a foolish thing. He bent down and picked up the jar. As he straightened, something hit him on the point of the jaw. It was Sladden's right fist. John fell backwards—Jill screamed—and the jar flew from his grasp into the sea.

The next moment, fingers of red-hot iron were pressing in his throat, crushing him to the bottom of the boat. The sky became a dull, red mist, swirling noisily about his ears. He wriggled stupidly, like a trapped animal, in that ever tightening grip. And then, for one blessed second, Sladden's face came out of the fog—his nose. John punched. Sladden lurched sideways—the boat tilted—and the next moment they had followed the water jar into the Pacific Ocean.

John was uppermost and came up first. The boat, caught by a sudden snatch of air, was moving, and his fingers sought desperately for the passing rudder. They found it—and held. Two small and strangely strong arms clutched at his shirt. With their help and with infinite slowness, he levered himself on one elbow over the stern. He had scarcely the strength to turn his body. Sladden's head was a hundred and fifty yards away, bobbing in the water like a great tomato. It turned suddenly, let out a shrill, unfinished cry, and sank, as though some giant finger had pushed it and was holding it down.

"Oh! John!" cried Jill, and covered her face with her hands.

But John had slipped to the bottom of the boat, and a single senseless phrase was running through his head, ". . . . cunning—cunning as wolves 'nd 'ngrier."

He awoke believing a thousand needles were pressing in his face. The boat was a maddened, flying thing; the mast was bent and sighing like a witch. And there was water! water all about him, beating on his hands, his face, his body!

"Rain!" he cried, hysterically. "Jill! Rain!"

She was lying against his side. He cupped his fingers and scooped some water from the bottom of the boat between her stiffened lips. Her eyes opened and smiled faint understanding of the miracle. He pulled her close and let the rain lash deliciously on the leather of his tongue.

Then the mast bent farther and sighed more sweetly and brought—Oblivion.



Dorothy Wilding
PRESENTED THIS SEASON:
MISS RUTH TAYLOR

Miss Ruth Taylor, who was presented at the second Court, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor, who bought Blythe Hall, Lathom, from the Earl of Lathom. Mr. Taylor is a brother of the owner of Grakle

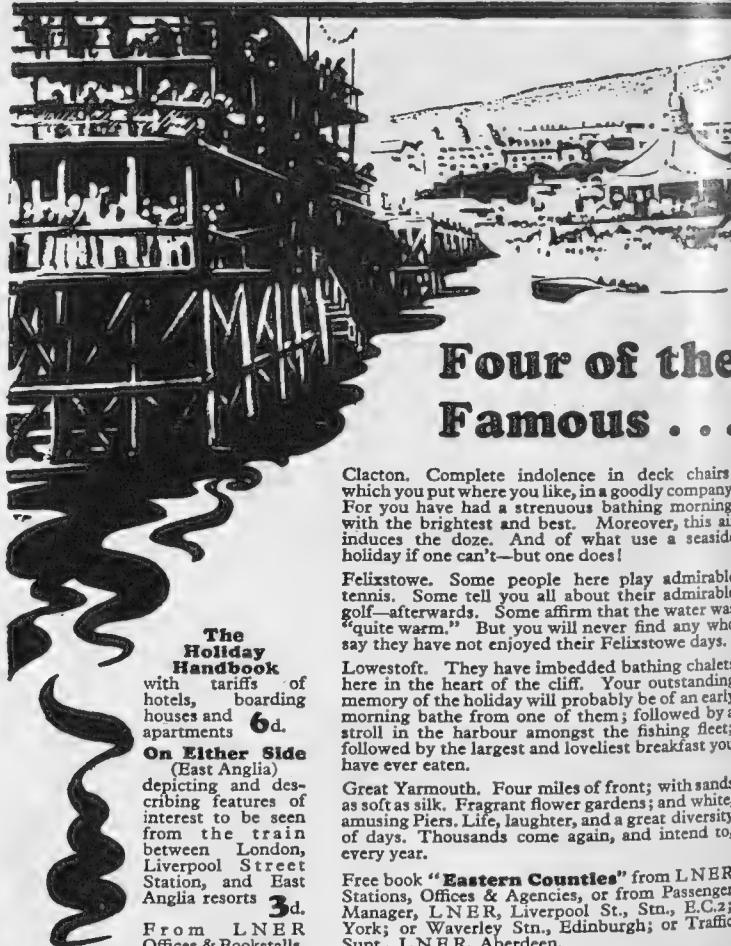
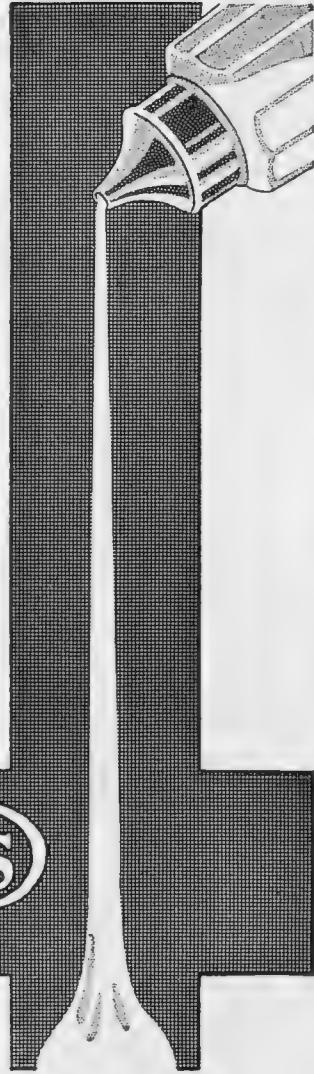
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Clacton. Complete indolence in deck chairs; which you put where you like, in a goody company. For you have had a strenuous bathing morning, with the brightest and best. Moreover, this air induces the doze. And of what use a seaside holiday if one can't—but one does!

Felixstowe. Some people here play admirable tennis. Some tell you all about their admirable golf—afterwards. Some affirm that the water was "quite warm." But you will never find any who say they have not enjoyed their Felixstowe days.

Lowestoft. They have imbedded bathing chalets here in the heart of the cliff. Your outstanding memory of the holiday will probably be of an early morning bathe from one of them; followed by a stroll in the harbour amongst the fishing fleet; followed by the largest and loveliest breakfast you have ever eaten.

Great Yarmouth. Four miles of front; with sands as soft as silk. Fragrant flower gardens; and white, amusing Piers. Life, laughter, and a great diversity of days. Thousands come again, and intend to, every year.

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At Haymarket, Burberrys are showing hundreds of new designs for Town, Country, Travel and Sport—Overcoats that are a positive delight to wear. If you cannot inspect them personally, mention of "The Tatler" will bring a catalogue illustrating many of these models and patterns of some of the latest cloths.



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IN THE NEWS OF THE PASSING HOUR



LORD AND LADY LLOYD



MRS. RICHARD GUINNESS AND MISS TERESA JUNGMAN

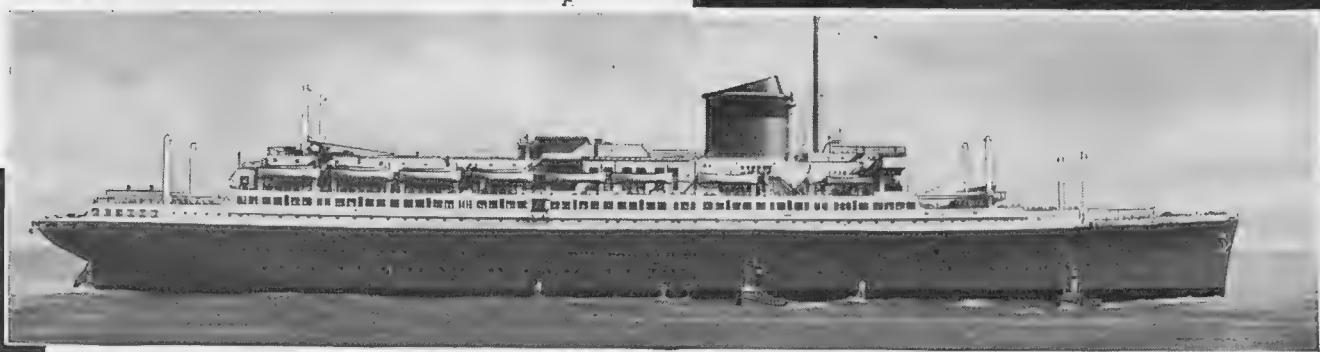


LORD AND LADY STRATHEDEN

Some snapshots of well-known people caught by the camera scatter-gun during the present high-speed operations of the London season. Lord Lloyd is an ex-Governor of Bombay and High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan. Mrs. Richard Guinness and her daughter were just going into the Ritz in search of lunch, and Lord and Lady Stratheden were at the Derby. Lord Stratheden is a captain and regimental adjutant the Coldstream

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in plain and pastel shades, 11/6,
or with 2 collars 13 6.

THE camera study above shows an Agnes Model in Pedal Straw with Ciré ribbon trimming featuring the new flat back. This is one of the many exclusive creations now being shown for wearing on social occasions. It is priced at three-and-a-half guineas. New Cartwheel Hats for race wear are also displayed in the Salon.

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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 442

effective adjunct to comfort-and-safety motoring that I have seen for a long time. In hard practice I have had several occasions to give it my blessing.

* * *

Easy Driving.

As an enthusiast for the self-changing gear (I must tell you that for years I foolishly kidded myself that adroitness with the pedal and the lever constituted one of the joys of motoring—though I now know much better), I naturally went to Lendrum and Hartman's show of new Buicks the other day. In these 8-cylinder Empire-built models the technicians seem to have made the gear-box the merest taradiddle. You do not have to put even a penny in the slot to have all the business done for you. Just tramp upon a pedal and the world of easy-change is at your feet. Here is the synchro-mesh principle combined with an inlet-suction controlled clutch motion, plus, when you want it, a free-wheel. Even I could get the hang of it at the very first attempt, so it *must* be fool-proof. The control is simplicity itself, and on top of that you have, in both the 8-cylinder models, a type of power-plant that rarely calls for any gear-changing at all. Thus is refined goldgilded and I am bound to say that it feels all the better for it.

* * *

Practicable and Beautiful.

Glad I am to see that the very taking 10-h.p. Crossley saloon that Mr. C. J. Joyce

drove so triumphantly in the Torquay Rally has now been made such as you and I can buy. It is not extravagantly expensive; it is a good-looker that will withstand the most minute inspection, and I do not think it is too much to say that this is the best four-seater saloon that has ever been devised upon a comparatively short chassis. I did rejoice (no pun intended) to observe that provision had been made for luggage, to say nothing of elbow and shoulder room. Some restriction in these matters I would have passed (no pun intended), but the truth is that average speed is of far more consequence than ultimate speed, and that comfort is the paramount virtue.

P. and J. are apostles of comfort . . . long may they minister to us. I am not yet the light car enthusiast that I might be—my 20 Armstrong being a formidable big-car bulwark—but when really commonsense councils prevail in the body-designing department, I cannot deny the possibilities.

* * *

Arrière Pensée.

"Dunlopillo" is the name of a new and most ingenious seat-substance that the Dunlop technicians (and are there any in the world to beat them?) have evolved. It is just congealed rubber froth, cellular, full of air, cool, admirably supporting, yielding to slight changes in posture, and moulded in such shape that after any chair you get into your car with a sigh of relief. I only know one thing better to sit upon, and that is never likely to come on the market. "Dunlopillo" is to be yours for the asking—in time—for they will not deal with retail demands for single cushions at Fort Dunlop.



A "PLEASURE CRUISE" COCKTAIL PARTY

Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Madeleine Carroll gave this cocktail party on the "B" deck of the S.S. "Nebula" to celebrate the success of "Pleasure Cruise." In addition to the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke (Miss Helena Pickard), and Miss Edith Evans are in the picture



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When we say magnificent, we mean it. Don't dismiss this as merely a manufacturer's claim. Let us put one of these cars at your disposal; try it over a familiar route and see for yourself how much better it is than any other car.



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Alfred Cheney Johnston
MISS POLLY WALKER

The American musical comedy star who plays Sallyann Harper in "Out of the Bottle," Julian Wylie's musical extravaganza, which opens at the London Hippodrome on June 11

room for years and years and dread having to move. The Friends of the Poor want to give them coal and a little extra for the next few months at any rate, and appeal for £6 10s.

There is a record in the Zonophone June releases that you must get if it is the last record you ever buy. "Nola" and "Tree Top Serenade," by Carson Robison, will be the most talked about record of the month and for a long time afterwards. This disc comprises two tunes whistled by Mr. Robison. You will probably say, "I have heard whistling records before," but this record

Notes From Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, urgently ask for help for two old sisters, aged seventy-nine and seventy-six, whom they have been helping this winter, but for whom the fund has come to an end. The two sisters have worked hard all their lives at dressmaking and fine needlework. Now they are too frail to do anything more, and the elder one suffers from acute neuritis. Their only income is their Old Age Pensions, namely £1 a week between them, and their rent is 10s. weekly; they have lived in the same one

makes every other whistling record seem flat. The artist must have a range of at least two octaves and the flute-like quality of tone and agility is beyond belief. This is a record that must be heard, and you will find it difficult to believe that the whistling was created by human lips. As soon as the directors of the Zonophone Company heard this disc they gave Carson Robison an exclusive contract for this type of record. The outstanding comedy record of the month is "Sir Roger de Coverley." Another new record by this popular broadcasting band is a soothing waltz, "The Voice in the Old Village Choir," coupled with a haunting fox trot, "I lost my Heart in Heidelberg."

Produced during the proverbial gloomy days that always precede Christmas *The Gay Adventure* at the Whitehall Theatre has pursued its hilarious way through rain and shine until now, nearing its 200th performance, it stands in the enviable position of being London's longest comedy run, and that without any sign of cessation of public interest. And throughout neither Miss Marion Lorne nor Mr. Seymour Hicks has missed a single performance.



DEVONSHIRE CYDER APPLE ORCHARDS

A "coup d'œil" of Lord Carrington presenting the "Whiteway" Cups at a Field Day organized by the Devon County Agricultural Committee. Whiteway's Cyder is the thing which makes your mouth water at the very mention of the name

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The Hystogen-Derma-Process is explained in Mr. C. H. Willi's new book "The Secret of Looking Young," based on 25 years' experience and 10,000 successful cases. The book also contains signed articles about Mr. Willi's work, by Lady Maud Warrender, Gilbert Frankau and Margery Lawrence, etc. Price 2/6. Sent on receipt of P.O. A lady who has recently been treated for the removal of pouches under the eyes, loose overhanging upper eyelids and restoration of the facial contour offers, free of charge, to visit interested ladies at their own homes to show the results obtained within a week by the Hystogen-Derma-Process.

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Folks Who Always Feel Tired

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A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you feel weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Take Kutnow's Powder regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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SPORTSMAN

The House of Durward has long studied the needs of the out-of-doors man. Today, a "K.D." Sports Suit is eloquent, not only of Style, Quality and fine Tailoring, but of those important details which make it a pleasure to wear and materially add to the joy of the game. In all colours and sizes. Ready to wear or made to measure.

**JACKET AND
PLUS FOOURS** From **6** Gns.

KENNETH DURWARD Ltd.
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**Summer in Switzerland
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Spiez is delightfully situated on Lake Thun in the Bernese Oberland.

Excellent Excursion Centre. Marvellous Mountain Scenery. Golf. Tennis. All sports.

Comfortable Hotels:
Hotel Belvédère - 80 rooms
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Pension terms from 11 and 12 frs.

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"The Queen of the Scottish Riviera"

amidst scenery of Highland grandeur, is delightfully situated on the Moray Firth, where the Air is Bracing. Charming Rambles and Drives. Every facility for Golf, Bathing, Bowling, and Tennis. Good River and Sea Fishing. Ample Accommodation. Illustrated Guide free from Secretary, Advertising Committee (Dept. J), Nairn. Postage 1d. Direct Services and Holiday Tickets Weekly by the London Midland and Scottish Railway.





The Smartest
MORNING SUITS

can be obtained in a matter of moments at the Famous House for Ready - to - Wear

from £7 : 7 : 0

For hire, including Silk Hat, 25/-

MOSS BROS & CO LTD
NAVAL MILITARY, R.A.F & GENERAL OUTFITTERS

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ILLUSTRATED
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Covent Garden

Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines). Wires: Parsee Rand, London.

Carpets cannot be thoroughly freed from dust whilst on the floor.

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PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD.
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CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE. Tel.: 4280 North (4 lines).
Carpets taken up and relaid. Country Enquiries Invited.

Make your
hair 'STAY
PUT'

—when you raise your cap!



Anzora Perfumery
Company Ltd.
Willesden Lane, N.W.6

IF your hair gets ruffled when you raise your cap—you can't be one of the ten million Anzora users! Anzora used in the morning keeps hair under control all day—always neat, smart, lustrous. Ask for Anzora, and be sure you get it—you'll know it by the name on the bottle.

Anzora Viola (containing Oil of Violets) for dry scalps. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. Does not soil hat linings or pillows. In 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 bottles at all Chemists', Hairdressers, and Stores.

ANZORA
CREAM & VIOLET
BOTH MASTER THE HAIR

ABBOTT
and Eve

Even Eve economises these times, but at Abbott's economy does not mean dowdiness. The smartest and loveliest of footwear is to be found at prices unbelievably modest. Below for example! May we tempt you to enquire for an Illustrated Brochure of Mayflower Models.



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324, Oxford Street, W.
(next to D. H. Evans)

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(opp. Piccadilly Hotel)



No. 0860.
The "Tab" Classic Model. Stocked in Black Satin Calf—Tan Calf Patent—Black Glace—Zulu Glace.

27/-
Postage 6d

Harrods The New Giant Earrings

THE newest and most fascinating addition to the equipage of modishness, veritable gems of artistry and brilliance. The photographs show a selection of these tremendously effective designs in Marcasite and Chromium-on-Silver from Harrods beautiful Collection

Design 1, 30/-

Designs 2 and 3, 3½ Guineas.

Design 4, 2½ Guineas.

When ordering, please state whether screws or wires are required.



Design 1.



Design 2.



Design 3.

Dainty
Afternoon Teas
at Harrods.
Alfredo Camponi and his
Famous Orchestra.

Design 4.

HARRODS LTD

SLOane 1234

LONDON SW1

Gorringes Swimming or Lounging SUITS



N.667. Bathing
Costume in elastic
wool, trunks and
skirt in plain colour,
top in white with
large spots in col-
our to match skirt

Colours:
Red / White,
Black / White,
Royal / White.
All sizes.

N.668. Woollen
Beach Suits, cut in
one piece with two
large pockets,
trimmed to tone,
finished yoke in
white with spots to
match trimming.
Colours:
Yellow / Brown,
Apple Green / Dark
Green.

N.669. A new idea in Beach Wear—
the Aviator Suit in Shantung Silk, a
one-piece garment in plain colour, top
finished with shoulder straps, and cut low
at back for sun-bathing. Separate Bolero
in Natural shade Shantung Silk. Colours:
Royal / Natural,
Emerald / Natural,
Orange / Natural.
Two piece complete

25'9

Suit with Reefer Coat in place of
the Bolero, to match or in Natural
shade 35'9

21'9 59'6**FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD.**

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1.

Two minutes from Victoria Station.

Telephone: Victoria 8600.

**



Photo by Lenare.

Posed by Miss Nora Swinburne.

Regulation Hard
Felt Hunting Hats. **30/-**

TANTIVY II.—A delightful new soft Bowler for Riding or Country wear. Can be folded into a pocket. In Black, Brown, Fawn and Navy Blue. Other colours to order. Price **35/6**



ROBERT HEATH
LTD.
ONLY ADDRESS
37-39 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1



By Appointment.



Striped lisle thread jersey
in a variety of colours.

PRICED AT **39/6**

From the Sportwear Department under the direction of MISS MAWDSLEY

Finnigan's
17-20, New Bond St., London, W.I

VASCO'S "PLASTIC" NEW HAIR FASHION

is now the most favoured by London's supreme arbiters in elegance.



A Plastic Head-dress executed by the famous Raymond, proclaimed in Paris last September the World Champion Coiffeur, and winner of the Grand Prix, Brussels, 8th May.

The "Plastic Head-dress," which is specially designed for each client by Mr. Vasco, is of the sculpture type, neat, charming, provokingly attractive, and remains unruffled for days, no matter how much the hair is combed.

Consultations by Mr. Vasco free of charge.

T. VASCO, LTD.

World-renowned innovators of Hair and Hat fashions. Permanent Wavers. Tinters and Postiche Makers.

16, DOVER STREET, W.1. Telephone: Regent 3324 (4 lines).

THE DELTA FINE-CUT SERIES OF JIG-SAW PUZZLES

BEST FOR FINISH AND QUALITY.

A unique subject photographed from Real Life by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell and reproduced in Natural Colours



"THE DISTURBED SIESTA."

Size about 22" x 16", 600 pieces. Price **22/-** post free.
42-page Illustrated Catalogue and Leaflets containing particulars of Puzzles from 30 to 2,000 pieces. **2d. post free.**

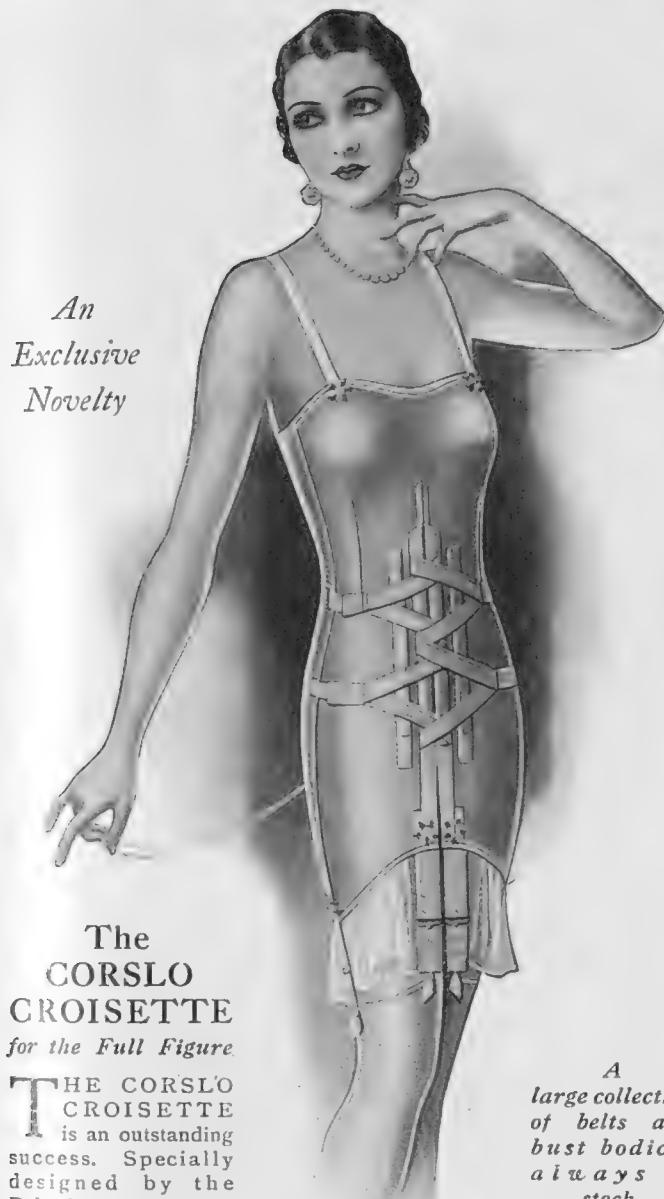
JOIN THE DELTA JIG-SAW PUZZLE CLUB.

Class A.—EIGHT GUINEAS per annum.

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Further particulars on application to
DELTA JIG-SAW PUZZLE CLUB, 64, Fore St., London, E.C. 2

SPECIALLY DESIGNED
Corsetry
by Debenhams



The
**CORSLO
CROISSETTE**
for the Full Figure

THE CORSLO CROISSETTE is an outstanding success. Specially designed by the Debenham Corsetière to give support to both abdomen and diaphragm, and to mould the figure to a slimming line.

A great advantage is that the strapplings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required; also invaluable for special abdominal support after an operation.

Pat. No. 357253

A large collection of belts and bust bodices always in stock.

The Corslo Croisette

In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, 5 Gns.
waist and hips.

In Silk Tricot ... 8 Gns.

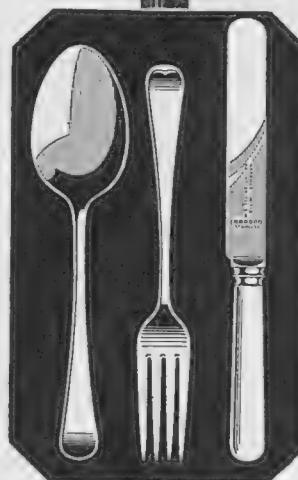
The advantages of the Corslo Croisette will be personally demonstrated at any time by our Corsetière.

SENT ON APPROVAL

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET,
W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Harrods
Unequalled Value in Fine
CANTEENS



The 'OCTET'
for 8 Persons

SOLID Silver Spoons and Forks of Harrods 'Old English' pattern and hand-hammered; Sheffield Stainless Steel Cutlery with mirror-polished blades; all contained in a magnificent London-made Oak Table Canteen. Size of Canteen 30 by 19 by 30 ins. high

£25

Deferred Payment may be arranged

CONTENTS OF CABINET

8 Table Forks	8 Table Knives	4 Table Spoons
8 Dessert Forks	8 Cheese Knives	8 Tea Spoons
8 Dessert Spoons	1 Pair Meat Carvers	4 Egg Spoons
8 Soup Spoons	1 Pair Game Carvers	1 Sauce Ladle
	1 Steel	

SILVER TEASPOONS

Of solid silver, specially designed by Harrods and beautifully patterned, back and front. Length of Spoon 4⁵/₈ ins.

EACH
2/9

SIX SPOONS

With Tongs, in Velvet-lined Case (as illustrated).

Post Free **27/6**

Six Spoons in Case.

Post Free **21/-**



HARRODS LTD

Sloane 1234

LONDON SW1

* 2

"MILWATA"

REGD.
BRITISH MADE
WEATHERPROOFS

ARE
**THE SMARTEST AND MOST
RELIABLE IN THE WORLD**

For the Ascot Races and all Outdoor Functions, the smartest people will take "MILWATA" WEATHERPROOFS with them, therefore, do not purchase any other Waterproof for Ascot if you wish to have the correct garment. "MILWATA" stands for perfect protection and perfect style and cut.

"HUSSAR."—Exceedingly smart Model in Wool Cashmere. In Black / Red and Silver Buttons. Also made in 20 Original Shades

45/9



MILWATA

"THE HUSSAR"



Owing to many inferior imitations of these coats on the market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the labels and tickets.

Wholesale only:
H. E. MILLS, Ltd.

Phone No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines)



BOURNEMOUTH

All the Summer's glories
Call you to
Bournemouth
for a holiday of
more happy hours
at England's loveliest resort.
Bathing
in the warm, calm sea,
long walks into
the glorious Hardy Country,
Golf, tennis,
whatever you will;
for here you will find
every sport
at its best.
In the evening
there is dancing in the
wonderful Pavilion
and
a host of amusements
to end each day
bright and cheerfully.



Write for illustrated guide and hotel register, free, from
the Town Clerk, Room 12a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

*People who realize the importance of a
Clear, Healthy Skin use*

Cuticura SOAP

CLEANSING SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC

Soap 1s. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd.,
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SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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YES, WE HAVE..

"I want to secure, if it is now possible, a set of Bairnsfather's famous War-time Cartoons in COLOUR. I believe these were published in THE BYSTANDER, and I shall be glad if you will let me know if you have any sets suitable for framing."

BAIRNSFATHER'S Fragments from France CARTOONS IN COLOUR

The receipt of the above letter resulted in our discovering a very limited number of sets of these world-famous cartoons, which to-day have lost none of their clever, though grim, humour. Now is your opportunity to secure one of these sets for your "den," and for your boys to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War. These pictures are ideal for presentation for decorative purposes in Ex-Service Men's Clubs.

The Series of Twelve in Portfolio mounted on white art plate sunk mounts,

12/6 post free

From: ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Fenwick

OF BOND STREET
(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)



TRY THEM
ON TODAY.

GINGHAM's stripes & checks
as sponsored by FENWICK . . .

Two admittedly inexpensive frocks — yet with all the chic that is cotton's own this summer. Intricately cut and brightly contrasted, they have the sparkle of the clever and the unusual.

Left.
ZEBRA-stripes in Navy and Red with a Patent Belt. Also in Black and Red. 3 hip fittings. 49/6.

Right.
DUSTER-Checks in two colours; Black and Red with a Patent Belt. Also Black and Green. 3 hip fittings. 49/6.

FENWICK Ladies' Tailors, 63 New Bond Street S.W.1

10315

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING & QUEEN



To satisfy people of quality everything must be of the highest standard; at Marshall & Snelgrove's this standard is always maintained.

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
DEPARTMENT STORES LTD.
VERE STREET AND
OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

LONDON HAND MADE SHOES

39/6
per pair

Marshall & Snelgrove introduce with pardonable pride this range of London hand-made Shoes at 39/6 a pair.

They come in Black or Brown Calf in the Court, tie, and bar styles shown herewith.



These exclusive hand-made shoes represent really wonderful value.

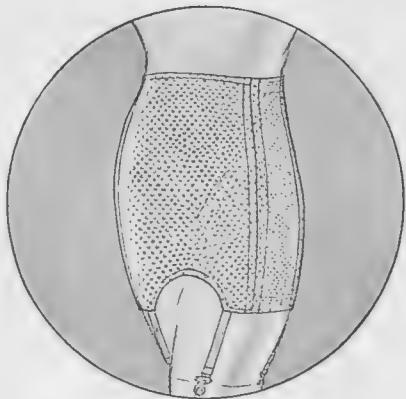
Marshall & Snelgrove
Vere Street & Oxford Street, London W.1
[Debenhams Ltd.]

Tel. Mayfair 6600



Lillywhites LTD

feature new designs
of SPORTS
UNDERWEAR



Boneless hook-side **GIRDLE** made of double Pekin net. In White or Rose beige. Sizes from 24 to 32 - **23/11**



One-piece **VEST** in a new lock-knit material with lattice work brassiere top - **6/11**

KNICKER of same material with lattice work insets, as illustrated - **6/11**

In Peach and White.

Princess **SLIP**, specially designed for Sports wear. The lock-knit material is cunningly cut with a trim fitting bodice and the necessary amount of fullness to the skirt - **12/11**

In crepe-de-chine - **27/6**

In Peach and White.

LILLYWHITES LTD. of PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.



Secretly and Quickly Removed!

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream

Of all chemists. Write to "STILLMANS," Ringslade Works, Ringslade Road, N. 22, for free booklet "How to Remove Freckles."

COMPLETE ALL-ROUND TRANSFORMATION, 50/- Any Style

SEMI-TRANS-	FORMATION,	Renovations, Repairs, etc.	TAILS
25/-			18-inch .. 5/-
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PARTING TOUPEES,	from 50/-		Back Dressing Chignons, all designs,
			10/6, 15/6 and 21/-
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE			Finest Value obtainable.
POST FREE.			50/- Latest New Boblets for Sides, 7/6 and
			10/6 pair.
ANYTHING ON APPROVAL		Please send Pattern of Hair. Phone: Museum 1313	Any Style. New Twisted for Back, from 10/6

MADAME T. CHARLES, **INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD.,**
(Private Showrooms.) Advice Free. 9, Newman Street, London, W.1. (P.O. Box 738.)

LONDON CINEMA

STOLL, KINGSWAY.
DAILY from 12 noon. (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Week of June 6th.
"THE BELOVED BACHELOR" featuring DOROTHY JORDAN and PAUL LUKAS. "THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER" with BUSTER KEATON, SCHNOZZLE DURANTE and POLLY MORAN.



LET THE CHALET DO JUSTICE TO YOUR GARDEN

Ornamental and useful, a Browne & Lilly Chalet will last a lifetime. For full specification of this and all other types of Portable Buildings, write for our Catalogue. £1.14. Carriage Paid to any Goods Station in England or Wales.

BROWNE & LILLY LTD.
THAMES SIDE, READING

STAMP COLLECTORS
make a specialty of Rare British Colonial Stamps. Selections sent on approval.
T. ALLEN
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BEAUTY

need not be but a memory

The charm of
facial youth

can be retained or
restored by

META GREY BEAUTY AIDS

Cleansing Cream 6/6, Skin Tonic 6/6, Nourishing Cream 6/6, Foundation Cream 7/6, Face Powder 6/6. Complete Home Treatment 32/6 and 38/6. Obtainable through Stores, Hairdressers, or direct.

Meta Grey

189, Regent St.,
London, W.1

HANDSOME MODEL GOWNS FOR ASCOT.



London's Leading Dress Agency have a WONDERFUL SELECTION of Exquisite GOWNS suitable for ASCOT and all occasions, created by CHANEL, VIONNETT, LELONG, etc., etc. All absolutely NEW or have just been worn once only. Our prices 2 to 8 guineas, less than original cost. SUMMER FROCKS 2- and 3-PIECE SUITS, EVENING GOWNS, etc., 30/- to 8 guineas. RIDING HABITS, etc.

REGENT DRESS AGENCY
Piccadilly Mansions,
17, Shaftesbury Avenue,
Piccadilly Circus, W.1

(Next door to Cafe Monico.) Gerrard 3461.
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT (NEW SAVILE ROW MISFITS) ON SEPARATE FLOOR

THE RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

to
"THE TATLER"

are as follow:

Twelve Months, including Double and Christmas Numbers—At Home, £3 3s. 0d.; Canada, £3 0s. 8d.; Elsewhere Abroad, £3 11s. 9d.

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HENRY HEATH LTD
105-107-109 OXFORD ST. W.



RAMBLER (regd.) Ideal hat for all occasions. In all the latest colours. Obtainable from all Agents. 25/-

Harrods MAN'S SHOP



'Style' Occasions

are met by the 'Man's Shop' with the sort of experience that reinforces your confidence.

Waistcoats

'Backless' style—cool and comfortable. Hand-tailored in Grey Cashmere. Single or Double Breasted. 35/-

In fine Grey Cloth - - 21/-
In Fawn or Grey Linen - 12/6

Ties

Ascot style. Hand-made from All-Silk materials in correct shades of Grey. Neat patterns 8/6 and herringbone designs.

'Clothes and the Man' posted free on request.

HARRODS LTD

SLOANE 1234

LONDON SW1

Charming

Race Frock

and for the garden party
with the new petal "puff" sleeves

by Debenham



Model Gown Dept.

12½
2 Gns.

ROSE patterned chiffon and fine lace combine to make this very attractive Gown for formal occasions. It is cut on lines becoming to most figures, quaint petal tufts give a dainty finish to sleeves.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham & Freebody)

Harrods New Stocking Shade **'SOL'**



SOL, the exquisite 'Sunny' stone 'goes with everything'—and goes everywhere. It has taken Fashion's fancy more than any stocking shade for years. All the following are available in this delightful new shade.

'LEDA' LISLE. Fully fashioned, fine gauge, with highly mercerised finish and lace clocks. Splendid for wear. Sizes 8½-10½. **2/11**

SHEER SILK. Fully fashioned. Long Silk legs and feet and hems of Lisle. Cuban heels. Exceptional value. Sizes 8½-10½. **3/11**

FINE-GAUGE SILK. Silk from top to toe, with exclusive lace clocks. Really lovely Stockings for which you'd expect to pay much more. Sizes 8½-10½. **6/11**

All in 'SOL' Shade

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

INCREASED ADVERTISING INCREASED PROFITS

" Correspondence with some of the leading business men in this country who increased their profits during the past year shows very clearly that their success was not the result of chance nor mere progress through momentum gained in the past. In the first place, recently published figures have shown that two out of three of a representative list of successful companies are advertisers. Secondly, it is clear that the successful businesses pursued a vigorous and aggressive policy.

The advertising manager of one of the most conspicuous examples, Cow & Gate Ltd., manufacturers of Milk food for Infants and Invalids, writing to the Advertising Association, says: 'I can assure you that we made up our minds definitely to face and fight the extreme trade depression by very considerably increased advertising. We believe that many concerns in the country reduced their advertising expenditure but we did not agree with this view and we decided to fight the depression very energetically . . . we did not carry out any special publicity campaign but went on with our usual steady advertising although greatly intensified.'

Upsons Ltd., makers of Dolcis and High Life shoes and other well-known brands, report that during the past year they not only modernised several old branches but opened nine new, and are about to open large stores at Belfast, Coventry and Manchester. The Chairman says: 'In pursuance of a vigorous policy of expansion, advertising was increased with excellent results especially from newspapers and periodicals. Both the number of customers and the turnover of the business have greatly increased.'

It should be noted that these instances, only two of a large number, are of businesses whose profits increased in an extremely difficult year. They cover a full year's working, and a systematically planned and persistently followed course of action. They, therefore, form a far better illustration of the power of advertising than the story of some short campaign of spasmodic effort.

"

*Issued by the Advertising Association,
Research and Publicity Department.*

"COW & GATE" and "DOLCIS"
ADVERTISE CONSISTENTLY
IN
"THE TATLER"

**HOW TO DRESS WELL
ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH**
OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH
"Smartwear"
NO DEPOSIT.
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED EVEN FROM THOSE WHO ARE NOT HOUSEHOLDERS.

SMARTWEAR LTD., the Largest High-Class Extended Credit Fashion House in Great Britain, are the only Firm who extend credit WITHOUT ANY REFERENCES WHATEVER.



Visit our magnificent showrooms for Smart Model Coats and Gowns Ensembles, Furs, Day and Evening Shoes, Millinery and Underwear.

**Silver Fox Furs
a speciality.
Extended Credit
payments made
to suit customers
convenience.**

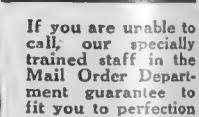
"GERTRUDE"
EXCEPTIONALLY SMART WOOL ROMAINE COAT, lined Celanese and trimmed white fur fabric, well tailored. Colours: Black and Navy. Sizes: S.W. and W.

Usual Price 4½ Gns.
SPECIAL PRICE
52/6

No extra charge for out-sizes or models made to measure.



"GERTRUDE"
Yours for first payment of 10/- Post Free and
**10/-
MONTHLY**



If you are unable to call, our specially trained staff in the Mail Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

Write for Ladies' Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Latest Fashions to Dept. A.9. Sent gratis and Post Free.

"BRENDA"
This EXCEP-TIONALLY WELL TAILORED TWO PIECE ENSEMBLE is made of best quality Friska material. Coatee has one link button and is lined silk throughout. Both Frock and Coatee have long sleeves-trimmed floral. Colours: Fawn and all the newest colours. Sizes: S.W. and W.

Usual Price 8½ Gns.
SPECIAL PRICE
5½ Gns.

No extra charge for out-sizes or models made to measure.

"BRENDA"
Yours for first payment of 20/- Post Free and
**20/-
MONTHLY**

We guarantee these models cannot be bought at any store for cash at the price offered by Smartwear on Extended Credit.

**Smartwear
LTD.**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
**263 - 271, REGENT STREET,
OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.**
Phone: Mayfair 6241-2-3-4-5-6

"Did you notice how everyone stopped and looked at us to-day?"

"Not at us, simple, at these marvellous Rochene and Royalist silks."



Royalist and Rochene are the cream of British pure silks.

They are made by the makers of the famous Japshan, in very clever stripes you haven't seen before, and also in 56 delightful plain shades. You can choose gorgeous Royalist and Rochene silks "made up" in original blouses and frocks, or by the yard, 36" wide. *Royalist per yard 8/11. Rochene crepe per yard 9/11.*



TWO WILLIAM HOLLINS FABRICS

Royalist AND Rochene

SILKS

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Royalist and Rochene, write for patterns and name of nearest stockist to
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD
CASTLE BOULEVARD, NOTTINGHAM

MODEL GOWNS BY LIBERTY



A SUGGESTION
FOR A JUNE BRIDE

LIBERTY & CO LTD. REGENT ST. LONDON.W.I.

30% REDUCTION SALE!

Quality Sables!

TAKE advantage of this special reduction offer to secure the most magnificent Sables for summer wear at 30% off! In addition clients may avail themselves of the National Fur Company's deferred terms by which the purchase price is spread in equal payments over 12 months.

EXAMPLES OF VALUE!

2-skin, 3-skin, 4-skin, 6-skin ties or wraps reduced from 12 guineas a skin to — per skin **8 GNS.**

NATIONAL FUR COMPANY

LIMITED

Fur Specialists since 1878.

193 Brompton Road,
London, S.W. 3



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
of the latest ideas in ties and coats, post free on request.

HARVEY NICHOLS

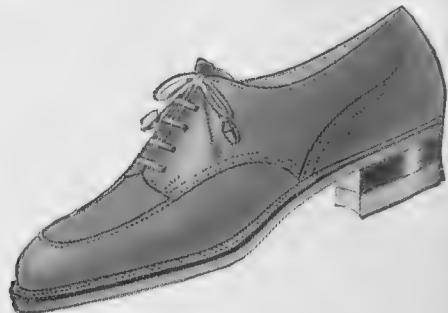
Shoes for Every Occasion



A very smart Summerweight Shoe in washable white calf, unlined and perforated, delightfully cool to wear. Also in navy, green, red, and beige.

39/6

A new Summer Sports Shoe of brown elk, with a studded rubber sole. Extremely light, flexible and well-fitting.



21/9

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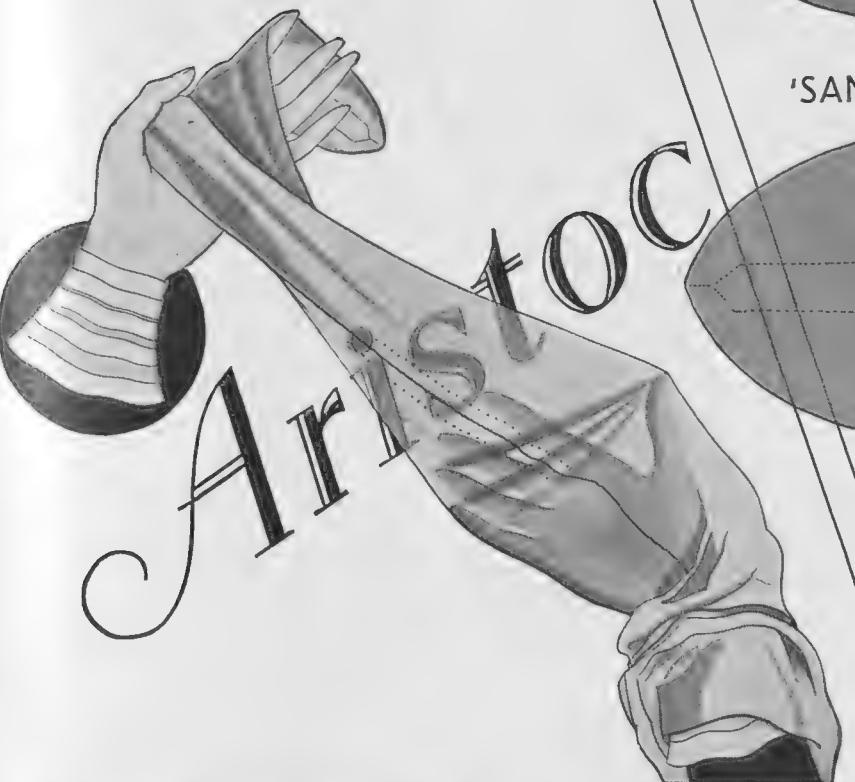
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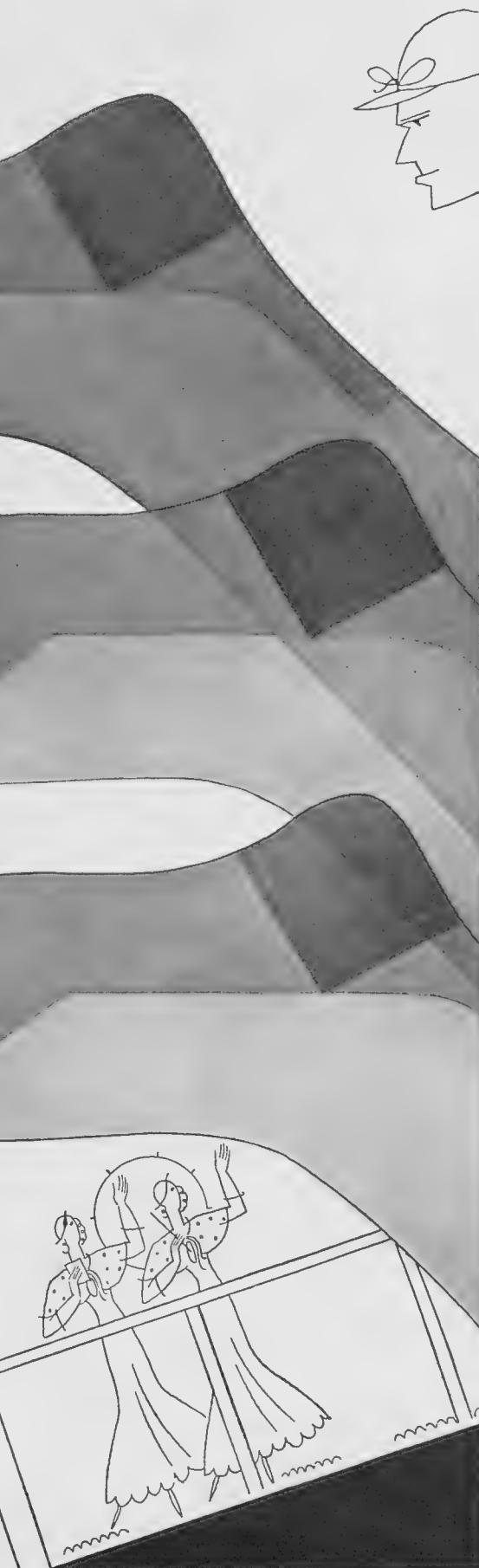
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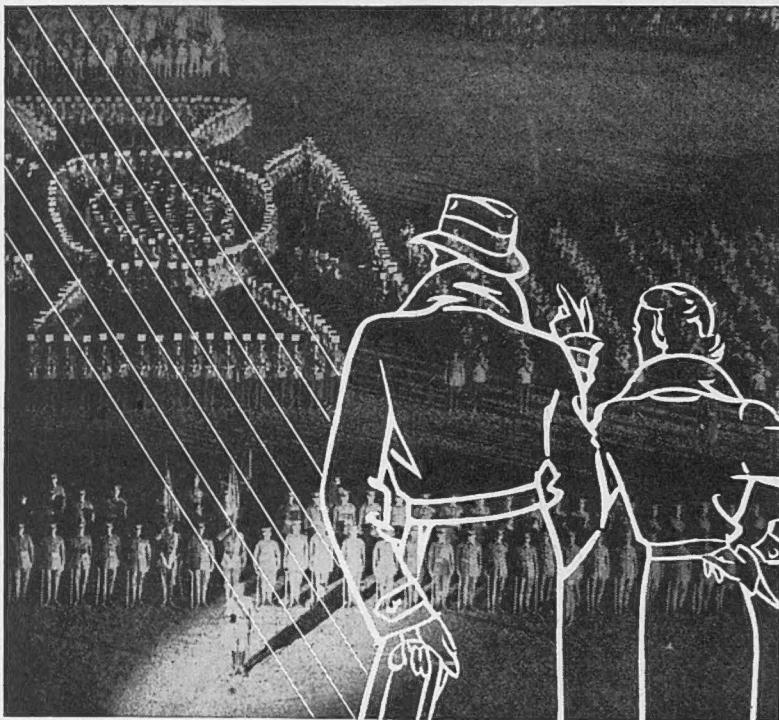


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